

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

# THE COLLEEN BAWN.

BY DION BOUCICAULT, ESQ.



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

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LONDON: JOHN DICKS, 313, STRAND.

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London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

THE COLLEEN BAWN;  
OR, THE BRIDES OF GARRYOWEN.  
A DOMESTIC DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.  
BY DION BOUCICAULT, ESQ.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 15.]

*First Performed at Miss Laura Keene's Theatre, New York, March 27th, 1860.*

|                     |                         |                      |                       |
|---------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| MYLES-NA-COPPALEEN  | Mr. Dion Boucicault.    | SERVANT ... ..       | Mr. Goodrich.         |
| HARDRESS CREGAN ... | Mr. H. F. Daly.         | CORPORAL ... ..      | Mr. Clarke.           |
| DANNY MANN ... ..   | Mr. Charles Wheatleigh. | EILY O'CONNOR ... .. | Miss Agnes Robertson. |
| KYRLE DALY ... ..   | Mr. Charles Fisher.     | ANNE CHUTE ... ..    | Miss Laura Keene.     |
| FATHER TOM ... ..   | Mr. D. W. Leeson.       | MRS. CREGAN ... ..   | Madame Ponisi.        |
| MR. CORRIGAN ... .. | Mr. J. G. Burnett.      | SHEELAH ... ..       | Miss Mary Wells.      |
| BERTIE O'MOORE ...  | Mr. Henry.              | KATHLEEN CREAGH ...  | Miss Josephine Henry. |
| HYLAND CREAGH ...   | Mr. Levick.             | DOCIE BLENNERHASSET  | Miss Hamilton.        |

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*The Gift of*

*Mrs G. F. Hall*

HARDRESS.—1st dress: Drab coat, leather pantaloons, cravat. 2nd dress: Fawn shoes.

DALY.—1st dress: Black

CREAGH, O'MOORE

FATHER TOM.—Brown cravat.

DANNY (A hunchback) and buckles, and old

MYLES.—Drab green stockings, and shoes.

CORRIGAN.—Black

MRS. CORRIGAN.—Black hair. 2nd dress: Hair

ANNE.—1st dress: Black and coloured sash.

ETILY.—Blue merino plain with neat comb

light silk waist-  
id white muslin  
stockings, and

oots, and white

stockings, shoes

is, darned grey

, and powdered

ed muslin dress,

stockings, hair

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. U. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

\*\* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.



00246956

# THE COLLEEN BAWN.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Night.—Tore Cregan—the Residence of Mrs. Cregan, on the banks of Killarney.—House, L. 2 E.—Window facing Audience, light behind (light to work in drop at back)—stage open at back.—Music (seven bars before curtain).

Enter HARDRESS CREGAN from house, L.

Hard. (Going up, c.) Hist! Danny, are you there?

DANNY appearing from below at back.

Danny. Is it yourself, Masther Hardress?

Hard. Is the boat ready?

Danny. Sung under the blue rock, sir.

Hard. Does Eily expect me to-night?

Danny. Expict, is it? Here is a lether she bade me give yez; sure the young thing is never aisy when you are away. Look, masther dear, do ye see that light, no bigger than a star, beyant on Muckcross Head?

Hard. Yes, it is the signal which my dear Eily leaves burning in our chamber.

Danny. All night long she sits beside that light wid her face fixed on that lamp in your windy above.

Hard. Dear, dear Eily, after all here's asleep, I will leap from my window, and we'll cross the lake,

Danny. (Searching.) Where did I put that lether?

Enter KYRLE DALY from house, L.

Kyrle. (L.) Hardress, who is that with you?

Hard. (c.) Only Danny Mann, my boatman.

Kyrle. That fellow is like your shadow.

Danny. (R.) Is it a cripple like me that would be the shadow of an illigant gintleman like Mr. Hardress Cregan?

Kyrle. (L.) Well, I mean that he never leaves your side.

Hard. (c.) And he never shall leave me. Ten years ago he was a fine boy—we were foster-brothers and playmates—in a moment of passion, while we were struggling, I flung him from the gap rock into the reeks below, and thus he was maimed for life.

Danny. Arrah! whist aroon! wouldn't I die for yez? didn't the same mother foster us? Why, wouldn't ye brake my baek if it plazed ye, and welkin? Oh, Masther Kyrle, if ye'd seen him nursin' me for months, and cryin' over me, and kneelin'! Sin' that time, sir, my body's been crimpin' up smaller and smaller every year, but my heart is gettin' bigger for him every day.

Hard. Go along, Danny.

Danny. Long life t'ye, sir! I'm off.

[Runs up and descends rocks, c. to R.]

Kyrle. Hardress, a word with you. Be honest with me—do you love Anne Chute!

Hard. Why do you ask?

Kyrle. Because we have been fellow collegians and friends through life, and the five years that I have passed at sea have strengthened, but have not cooled, my feelings towards you. (Offers hand.)

Enter MRS. CREGAN, from house, L.

Hard. (L.) Nor mine for you, Kyrle. You are the same noble fellow as ever. You ask me if I love my cousin Anne?

Mrs. C. (c., between them.) And I will answer you, Mr. Daly.

Hard. (R.) My mother!

Mrs. C. (c.) My son and Miss Chute are engaged. Excuse me, Kyrle, for intruding on your secret, but I have observed your love for Anne with some regret. I hope your heart is not so far gone as to be beyond recovery.

Kyrle. (L.) Forgive me, Mrs. Cregan, but are you certain that Miss Chute really is in love with Hardress?

Mrs. C. Look at him! I'm sure no girl could do that and doubt it.

Kyrle. But I'm not a girl, ma'am; and sure, if you are mistaken—

Hard. My belief is that Anne does not care a token for me, and likes Kyrle better.

Mrs. C. (c.) You are an old friend of my son and I may confide to you a family secret. The extravagance of my husband left this estate deeply involved. By this marriage with Anne Chute we redeem every acre of our barony. My son and she have been brought up as children together, and don't know their true feelings yet.

Hard. Stop, mother, I know this: I would not wed my cousin if she did not love me, not if she carried the whole county Kerry in her pocket, and the barony of Kenmare in the crown of her hat.

Mrs. C. Do you hear the proud blood of the Cregans?

Hard. Woo her, Kyrle, if you like, and win her if you can. I'll back you.

Enter ANNE CHUTE, from house, L.

Anne. (L. c.) So will I—what's the bet?

Mrs. C. (c.) Hush!

Anne. I'd like to have a bet on Kyrle.

Hard. Well, Anne, I'll tell you what it was.

Mrs. C. (c.) Hardress!

Anne. (L. c.) Pull in one side, aunt, and let the boy go on.

## COSTUME.

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### COSTUMES.—Period, 179—.

HARDRESS.—1st dress: Green broad-skirted body coat of the time, double-breasted light silk waistcoat, leather pantaloons, top boots, hair rather long, steeple-crowned gold-laced hat, and white muslin cravat. 2nd dress: Blue body coat, white waistcoat, white kerseymere breeches, silk stockings, and shoes.

DALY.—1st dress: Brown coat, &c., same fashion as above. 2nd dress: Full dress.

CREAGH, O'MOORE AND GENTLEMEN.—Evening dress.

FATHER TOM.—Broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, faded black suit, black riding boots, and white cravat.

DANNY (*A hunchback*).—Blue frieze jacket, corduroy breeches, yellow waistcoat, grey stockings, shoes and buckles, and old seal-skin cap.

MYLES.—Drab great coat, with cape, red cloth waistcoat, old velveteen breeches, darned grey stockings, and shoes.

CORRIGAN.—Black suit, top boots, and brown wig.

MRS. CORRIGAN.—1st dress: Puce silk dress of the time, white muslin neckkerchief, and powdered hair. 2nd dress: Handsome embroidered silk dress, jewels and fan.

ANNE.—1st dress: Gold laced riding habit, hat and veil. 2nd dress: White embroidered muslin dress, and coloured sash.

ELLY.—Blue merino petticoat, chintz tuck-up body and skirts, short sleeves, blue stockings, hair plain with neat comb, red cloak and hood.

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*Danny.* Long life t'ye, sir! I'm off.

*[Runs up and descends rocks, c. to R.]*

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*Anne. (L. c.)* So will I—what's the bet?

*Mrs. C. (c.)* Hush!

*Annc.* I'd like to have a bet on Kyrle.

*Hard.* Well, Anne, I'll tell you what it was.

*Mrs. C. (c.)* Hardress!

*Anne. (L. c.)* Pull in one side, aunt, and let the boy go on.

*Hard. (R.)* Kyrle wanted to know if the dark brown colt, Hardress Cregan, was going to walk over the course for the Anne Chute Stakes, or whether it was a scrub race open to all.

*Anne.* I'm free-trade—coppiceens, mules and biddys.

*Mrs. C.* How can you trifle with a heart like Kyrle's?

*Anne.* Trifle! his heart can be no trifle, if he's all in proportion.

*Enter SERVANT from house, L.*

*Ser.* Squire Corrigan, ma'am, begs to see you.

*Mrs. C.* At this hour, what can the fellow want? Show Mr. Corrigan here. [*Exit Servant into house, L.*] I hate this man; he was my husband's agent, or what the people here call a middle-man—vulgarly polite, and impudently obsequious.

*Hard. (R.)* Genus squireen—a half sir, and a whole scoundrel.

*Anne.* I know—a potato on a silver plate: I'll leave you to peel him. Come, Mr. Daly, take me for a moonlight walk, and be funny.

*Kyrle.* Funny, ma'am, I'm afraid I am—

*Anne.* You are heavy, you mean; you roll through the world like a hoghead of whisky; but you only want tapping for pure spirits to flow out spontaneously. Give me your arm. (*Crossing, R.*) Hold that glove now. You are from Ballinasloe, I think?

*Kyrle.* I'm Connaught to the core of my heart.

*Anne.* To the roots of your hair, you mean. I bought a horse at Ballinasloe fair that deceived me; I hope you won't turn out to belong to the same family.

*Kyrle. (R. C.)* What did he do?

*Anne.* Oh! like you, he looked well enough—deep in the chest as a Pool-a-Dhiol, and broad in the back, as the Gap of Dnnloe—but after two days' warm work he came all to pieces, and Larry, my groom, said he'd been stuck together with glue.

*Kyrle. (R.)* Really, Miss Chute!

[*Music.—Exeunt, R. L. E.*]

*Hard. (Advancing, laughing.)* That girl is as wild as a coppiceen—she won't leave him a hair on the head.

(*Goes up.*)

*Enter Servant, showing in CORRIGAN from house, L.*

[*Exit Servant, L.*]

*Corrig. (L.)* Your humble servant, Mrs. Cregan—my service t'ye, 'Squire—it's a fine night entirely.

*Mrs. C. (C.)* May I ask to what business, sir, we have the honour of your call?

*Corrig. (Aside, L. C.)* Proud as Lady Beelzebub, and as grand as a queen. (*Aloud.*) True for you, ma'am; I would not have come but for a devil of a pinch I'm in entirely. I've got to pay £8,000 to-morrow, or lose the Knockmakilty farms.

*Mrs. C. (C.)* Well, sir?

*Corrig.* And I wouldn't trouble ye—

*Mrs. C.* Trouble me, sir?

*Corrig.* Iss, ma'am—ye'd be forgettin' now that mortgage I have on this property. It ran out last May, and by rights—

*Mrs. C.* It will be paid next month.

*Corrig.* Are you reckonin' on the marriage of Mister Hardress and Miss Anne Chute?

*Hard. (Advancing, R.)* Mr. Corrigan, you forget yourself.

*Mrs. C.* Leave us, Hardress, awhile. (*Hardress*

*retires, R.*) Now, Mr. Corrigan, state, in as few words as possible, what you demand.

*Corrig.* Mrs. Cregan, ma'am, you depend on Miss Anne Chute's fortune to pay me the money, but your son does not love the lady, or, if he does, he has a mighty quare way of showing it. He has another girl on hand, and betune the two he'll come to the ground, and so bedad will I.

*Mrs. C.* That is false—it is a calumny, sir!

*Corrig.* I wish it was, ma'am. D'ye see that light over the lake?—your son's eyes are fixed on it. What would Anne Chute say if she knew that her husband, that is to be, had a mistress beyant—that he slips out every night after you're all in bed, and like Leandher, barrin' the wettin', he sails across to his sweetheart?

*Mrs. C.* Is this the secret of his aversion to the marriage? Fool! fool! what madness, and at such a moment.

*Corrig.* That's what I say, and no lie in it.

*Mrs. C.* He shall give up this girl—he must!

*Corrig.* I would like to have some security for that. I want by to-morrow Anne Chute's written promise to marry him or my £8,000.

*Mrs. C.* It is impossible, sir; you hold ruin over our heads.

*Corrig.* Madam, it's got to hang over your head or mine.

*Mrs. C.* Stay, you know that what you ask is out of our power—you know it—therefore this demand only covers the true object of your visit.

*Corrig.* 'Pon my honour! and you are as 'cute, ma'am, as you are beautiful!

*Mrs. C.* Go on, sir

*Corrig.* Mrs. Cregan, I'm goin' to do a foolish thing—now, by gorra I am! I'm richer than ye think, maybe, and if you'll give me your personal security, I'll take it.

*Mrs. C.* What do you mean?

*Corrig.* I mean that I'll take a lien for life on you, instead of the mortgage I hold on the Cregan property. (*Aside.*) That's nate, I'm thinkin'.

*Mrs. C.* Are you mad?

*Corrig.* I am—mad in love with yourself, and and that's what I've been these fifteen years.

(*Music through dialogue till Ann Chute is off.*)

*Mrs. C.* Insolent wretch! my son shall answer and chastise you. (*Colls.*) Hardress!

*Hard. (Advancing.)* Madam.

*Enter ANNE CHUTE and KYRLE, R.*

*Corrig.* Miss Chute!

*Hard.* Well, mother? } (*Together.*)

*Anne.* Well, sir?

*Mrs. C. (Aside.)* Scoundrel! he will tell her all and ruin us! (*Aloud.*) Nothing. (*Turns aside.*)

*Corrig.* Your obedient.

*Anne.* Oh!

[*Crosses with Kyrle, and exit, L. U. E.—Music ceases.*]

*Corrig.* You are in my power, ma'am. See, now, not a sowl but myself knows of this secret love of Hardress Cregan, and I'll keep it as sung as a bug in a rug, if you'll only say the word.

*Mrs. C.* Contemptible hound, I loathe and despise you!

*Corrig.* I've known that fifteen years, but it hasn't cured my heart ache.

*Mrs. C.* And you would buy my aversion and disgust!

*Corrig.* Just as Anne Chute buys your son, if she knew but all. Can he love his girl beyant, widout hatin' this heiress he's obliged to swallow?—ain't

you sthripen to sell him? But you didn't feel the hardship of being sold till you tried it on yourself.

Mrs. C. I beg you, sir, to leave me.

Corrig. That's right, ma'am—think over it, sleep on it. To-morrow I'll call for your answer. Good evenin' kindly.

[Music.—Exit Corrigan in house.

Mrs. C. Hardress.

Hard. What did he want?

Mrs. C. He came to tell me the meaning of yonder light upon Muckcross Head.

Hard. Ah! has it been discovered. Well, mother, now you know the cause of my coldness, my indifference for Anne.

Mrs. C. Are you in your senses, Hardress? Who is this girl?

Hard. She is known at every fair and pattern in Munster as the Colleen Bawn—her name is Eily O'Connor.

Mrs. C. A peasant girl—a vulgar, barefooted beggar.

Hard. Whatever she is, love has made her my equal, and when you set your foot upon her you tread upon my heart.

Mrs. C. 'Tis well, Hardress. I feel that perhaps I have no right to dispose of your life and your happiness—no, my dear son—I would not wound you—Heaven knows how well I love my darling boy, and you shall feel it. Corrigan has made me an offer by which you may regain the estate, and without selling yourself to Anne Chute.

Hard. What is it? Of course you accepted it?

Mrs. C. No, but I will accept, yes, for your sake—I—I will. He offers to cancel this mortgage if—I—I will consent to—become his wife.

Hard. You—you, mother? Has he dared—

Mrs. C. Hush! he is right. A sacrifice must be made—either you or I must suffer. Life is before you—my days are well nigh past—and for your sake, Hardress—for yours; my pride, my only one. Oh! I would give you more than my life.

Hard. Never—never! I will not accept it. I'll tear that dog's tongue from his throat that dared insult you with the offer.

Mrs. C. Foolish boy, before to-morrow night we shall be beggars—outcasts from this estate. Humiliation and poverty stand like spectres at yonder door—to-morrow they will be realities. Can you tear out the tongues that will wag over our fallen fortunes? You are a child, you cannot see beyond your happiness.

Hard. Oh! mother, mother, what can be done? My marriage with Anne is impossible.

Enter DANNY MANN, up rock, at back.

Danny. (R. c.) Whisht, if ye plaze—ye're talkin' so loud she'll hear ye say that—she's comin'.

Mrs. C. Has this fellow overheard us?

Hard. If he has, he is mine, body and soul. I'd rather trust him with a secret than keep it myself.

Mrs. C. (L. c.) I cannot remain to see Anne; excuse me to my friends. The night perhaps will bring counsel, or at least resolution to hear the worst! Good night, my son!

[Music.—Exit into house, L.

Danny. (R. c.) Oh! masther, she doesn't know the worst! She doesn't know that you are married to the Colleen Bawn.

Hard. Hush! what fiend prompts you to thrust that act of folly in my face.

Danny. Thru for ye, masther! I'm a dirty mane sent to remind ye of it.

Hard. What will my haughty, noble mother say when she learns the truth! how can I ask her to receive Eily as a daughter?—Eily, with her awkward manners, her Kerry brogue, her ignorance of the usages of society. Oh! what have I done?

Danny. Oh! vo—vo, has the ould family come to this! Is it the daughter of Mihil-na-Thraducha, the ould rope-maker of Garryowen, that 'ud take the flure as your wife?

Hard. Be silent, scoundrel! How dare you speak thus of my love?—wretch that I am to blame her!—poor, beautiful, angel-hearted Eily.

Danny. Beautiful is it! Oeh—wurra—wurra, deelish! The looking-glass was never made that could do her justice; and if St. Patriek wanted a wife, where would he find an angel that 'ud compare with the Colleen Bawn. As I row her on the lake, the little fishes come up to look at her; and the wind from heaven lifts up her hair to see what the devil brings her down here at all—at all.

Hard. The fault is mine—mine alone—I alone will suffer!

Danny. Oh! why isn't it mine? Why can't I suffer for yez, masther dear? Wouldn't I swally every tear in your body, and every bit of bad luck in your life, and then wid a stone round my neck, sink myself and your sorrows in the bottom of the lower lake.

Hard. (Placing hand on Danny.) Good Danny, away with you to the boat—be ready in a few moments, we will cross to Muckcross Head.

[Looks at light at back.—Music.—Exit Hardress into house, L.

Danny. Never fear, sir. Oh! it isn't that spalpeen, Corrigan, that shall bring ruin on that ould place. Lave Danny alone. Danny, the fox, will lade yez round and about, and cross the scint. (Takes off his hat—sees letter). Bedad, here's the letter from the Colleen Bawn that I couldn't find awhile ago—it's little use now. (Goes to lower window, and reads by light from house.) "Come to your own Eily, that has not seen you for two long days. Come, acushla agra machree. I have forgotten how much you love me—Shule, shule agraph. —Colleen Bawn." Devil an address is on it.

Enter KYRLE and ANNE, L. U. E.

Anne. (C.) Have they gone?

Kyrle. (L. c.) It is nearly midnight.

Anne. Before we go in, I insist on knowing who is this girl that possesses your heart. You confess that you are in love—deeply in love.

Kyrle. I do confess it—but not even your power can extract that secret from me—do not ask me, for I could not be false, yet dare not be true.

[Exit Kyrle into house, L.

Anne. (L. c.) He loves me—oh! he loves me—the little bird is making a nest in my heart. Oh! I'm faint with joy.

Danny. (As if calling after him.) Sir, sir!

Anne. Who is that?

Danny. I'm the boatman below, an' I'm waitin' for the gentleman.

Anne. What gentleman?

Danny. Him that's jist left ye, ma'am—I'm waitin' on him.

Anne. Does Mr. Kyrle Daly go out boating at this hour?

Danny. It's not for me to say, ma'am, bnt every night at twelve o'clock I'm here wid my boat

under the blue rock below, to put him across the lake to Muckcross Head. I beg your pardon, ma'am, but here's a paper ye dropped on the walk beyant—if it's no vally I'd like to light my pipe wid it.

(Gives it.)

Anne. A paper I dropped!

(Goes to window—reads.)

Danny. (Aside.) Oh, Misther Corrigan, you'll ruin masther will ye! asy now, and see how I'll put the cross on ye.

Anne. A love-letter from some peasant girl to Kyrle Daly! Can this be the love of which he spoke? have I deceived myself?

Danny. I must be off, ma'am; here comes the signal.

(Music.)

Anne. The signal?

Danny. D'ye see yonder light upon Muckcross Head? It is in a cottage windy; that light goes in and out three times winkin' that way, as much as to say, "Are ye comin'?" Then if a light in that room there (points at house above) answers by a wink, it manes no! but if it goes out entirely, his honour jumps from the parour windy into the garden behind, and we're off. Look! (Light in cottage disappears.) That's one. (Light appears.) Now again. (Light disappears.) That's two. (Light appears.) What did I tell you? (Light disappears.) That's three, and here it comes again. (Light appears.) wait now, and ye'll see the answer. (Light disappears from window, L.) That's my gentleman. (Music change.) You see he's goin'—good night, ma'am.

Anne. Stay, here's money; do not tell Mr. Daly that I know of this.

Danny. Divil a word—long life t'ye. (Goes up.)

Anne. I was not deceived; he meant me to understand that he loved me! Hark! I hear the sound of some one who leaped heavily on the garden walk. (Goes to house, L.—looking at back.)

Enter HARDRESS, wrapped in a boat cloak, L. U. E.

Danny. (Going down, R. C.) Allright, yer honour. (Hardress crosses at back, and down rock, R. C.)

Anne. (Hiding L.) It is he, 'tis he. (Mistaking Hardress for Daly—closed in.)

SCENE II.—The Gap of Dunloe. (1st grooves.)  
Hour before sunrise.

Enter CORRIGAN, R. 1. E.

Corrig. From the rock above I saw the boat leave Tore Cregan. It is now crossing the lake to the cottage. Who is this girl? What is this mysterious mistress of young Cregan?—that I'll find out.

(Myles sings outside. L.)

"Oh! Charley Mount is a pretty place,  
In the month of July—"

Corrig. Who's that?—'Tis that poaching scoundrel—that horse stealer, Myles na Coppaleen. Here he comes with a keg of illicit whisky, as bould as Nebuckadezzar.

Enter MYLES, singing, with keg on his shoulder, L.  
Is that you, Myles?

Myles. No! it's my brother.

Corrig. I know ye, my man.

Myles. Then why the devil did ye ax?

Corrig. You may as well answer me kindly—civility costs nothing,

Myles. (L. C.) Ow now! don't it? Civility to a lawyer manes six-and-eight-pence about.

Corrig. (R. C.) What's that on your shoulder?

Myles. What's that to you?

Corrig. I am a magistrate, and can oblige you to answer.

Myles. Well! it's a bounster belongin' to my mother's feather bed.

Corrig. Stuff'd with whisky!

Myles. Bedad how would I know what it's stuff'd wid? I'm not an upholsterer.

Corrig. Come, Myles, I'm not so bad a fellow as ye may think.

Myles. To think of that now!

Corrig. I am not the mane creature you imagine!

Myles. Ain't ye now, sir? You keep up appearances mighty well, indeed.

Corrig. No, Myles! I am not that blackguard I've been represented.

Myles. (Sits on keg.) See that now—how people take away a man's character. You are another sort of blackguard entirely.

Corrig. You shall find me a gentleman—liberal, and ready to protect you.

Myles. Long life t'ye, sir.

Corrig. Myles, you have come down in the world lately; a year ago you were a thriving horse-dealer, now you are a lazy ragged fellow.

Myles. Ah! it's the bad luck, sir, that's in it.

Corrig. No, it's the love of Eily O'Connor that's in it—it's the pride of Garryowen that took your heart away, and made ye what ye are—a smuggler and a poacher.

Myles. Thim's hard words.

Corrig. But they are true. You live like a wild beast in some cave or hole in the rocks above; by night your gun is heard shootin' the otter as they lie out on the stones, or you snare the salmon in your nets; on a cloudy night your whisky still is going—you see, I know your life.

Myles. Better than the priest, and devil a lie in it.

Corrig. Now, if I put ye in a snug farm—stock ye with pigs and cattle, and rowl you up comfortable—d'ye think the Colleen Bawn wouldn't jump at ye?

Myles. Bedad, she'd make a lape I b'leve—and what would I do for all this luck?

Corrig. Find out for me who it is that lives at the cottage on Muckcross Head.

Myles. That's asy—it's Danny Mann—no less, and his ould mother Sheelah.

Corrig. Yes, Myles, but there's another—a girl who is hid there.

Myles. Ah, now!

Corrig. She only goes out at night.

Myles. Like the owls.

Corrig. She's the mistress of Hardress Cregan.

Myles. (Seizing Corrigan.) Thurra mon dhiol, what's that?

Corrig. Oh, lor! Myles—Myles—what's the matter—are you mad?

Myles. No—that is—why—why did ye raise your hand at me in that way?

Corrig. I didn't.

Myles. I thought ye did—I'm mighty quick at takin' thim hints, bein' on me keepin' agin' the gangers—go on—I didn't hurt ye.

Corrig. Not much.

Myles. You want to find out who this girl is?

Corrig. I'll give £20 for the information—there's ten on account.

(Gives money.)

Myles. Long life t'ye; that's the first money I iver got from a lawyer, and bad luck to me but there's a cure for the evil eye in thim pieces.

Corrig. You will watch to-night?

Myles. In five minutes I'll be inside the cottage itself.

Corrig. That's the lad.

Myles. (Aside.) I was goin' there.

Corrig. And to-morrow you will step down to my office with the particulars?

Myles. To-morrow you shall breakfast on them.

Corrig. Good night, entirely.

[Exit Corrigan, L.]

Myles. I'll give ye a cow's-tail to swally, and make ye think it's a chapter in St. Patrick, ye spalpeen! When he called Eily the misthress of Hardress Cregan, I nearly sthretched him—begorra, I was full of sudden death that minute! Oh, Eily! aeushla agraph asthore machree! as the stars watch over Innisfallen, and as the wathers go round it and keep it, so I watch and keep round you, avourneen!

#### SONG.—MYLES.

Oh, Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows,  
The river Shannon's full of fish, beside that city  
flows;  
But it is not the river, nor the fish that preys upon  
my mind,  
Not with the town of Limerick have I any fault to  
find.  
The girl I love is beautiful, she's fairer than the  
dawn;  
She lives in Garryowen, and she's called the Colleen  
Bawn.  
As the river, proud and bold, goes by that famed  
city,  
So proud and cold, widout a word, that Colleen goes  
by me!

Oh, hone! Oh, hone!

Oh, if I was the Emperor of Russia to command,  
Or Julius Caesar, or the Lord Lieutenant of the  
land,  
I'd give up all my wealth, my manes, I'd give up my  
army,  
Both the horse, the fut, and the Royal Artillery;  
I'd give the crown from off my head, the people on  
their knees,  
I'd give my fleet of sailing ships, upon the briny  
seas,  
And a beggar I'd go to sleep, a happy man at dawn,  
If by my side, fast for my bride, I'd the darlin'  
Colleen Bawn.

Oh, hone! Oh, hone!

I must reach the cottage before the masther arrives;  
Father Tom is there waitin' for this keg o' star-  
light—it's my tithe; I call every tenth keg "his  
riverinee." It's worth money to see the way it  
does the old man good, and brings the wather in  
his eyes; it's the only place I ever see any about  
him—heaven bless him! (Sings.)

[Exit Myles, R.—Musie.]

SCENE III.—Interior of Eily's Cottage on Muckcross  
Head; fire burning, R. 3 E.; table, R. C.; arm-  
chair; two stools, R. of table; stool L. of table;  
basin, sugar spoon, two jugs, tobacco, plate, knife,  
and lemon on table.

FATHER TOM discovered smoking in arm-chair,  
R. C.—EILY in balcony, watching over lake.

Father T. (Sings.) "Tobacco is an Injun weed."

And every weed wants wathering to make it come  
up; but tobacco bein' an Injun weed that is ac-  
customed to a hot climate, water is entirely too  
cold for its warrum nature—it's whisky and water  
it wants. I wonder if Myles has come; I'll ask  
Eily. (Calls.) Eily alanna! Eily, a suilish machree!

Eily. (Turning.) Is it me, Father Tom?

Father T. Has he come?

Eily. No, his boat is half a mile off yet.

Father T. Half a mile! I'll choke before he's  
here.

Eily. Do you mean Hardress?

Father T. No, dear! Myles na Coppaleen—cum  
spiritu Hiberneuse—which manes in Irish, wid a  
keg of poteen.

Enter MYLES, R. U. E, down c.

Myles. Here I am, your riverince, never fear. I  
tould Sheelah to hurry up with the materials,  
knowing ye'd be dhry and hasty.

Enter SHEELAH with kettle of water, R. U. E.

Sheelah. Here's the hot water.

Myles. Lave it there till I brew Father Tom a  
pint of mother's milk.

Sheelah. We'll thin, ye'll do your share of the  
work, and not a ha'porth more.

Myles. Didn't I bring the sperrits from two  
miles and more? and I deserve to have the pre-  
ference to make the punch for his riverince.

Sheelah. And didn't I watch the kettle all night,  
not to let it off the boil?—there now.

Myles. (Quarrelling with Sheelah.) No, you didn't,  
&c.

Sheelah. (Quarrelling.) Yes, I did, &c.

Eily. No, no; I'll make it, and nobody else.

Father T. Asy now, ye bocanns, and whist;  
Myles shall put in the whisky, Sheelah shall put in  
the hot water, and Eily, my Colleen, shall put the  
sugar in the crniskeen. A blessin' on ye all three  
that loves the ould man. (Myles takes off hat—  
Women curtesy—they make punch.) See, now, my  
children, there's a moral in everything, e'en in a  
jug of punch. There's the sperrit, which is the  
sowl and strength of the man. (Myles pours spirit  
from keg.) That's the whisky. There's the sugar,  
which is the smile of woman; (Eily puts sugar)  
without that, life is without taste or sweetness.  
Then there's the lemon (Eily puts lemon) which is  
love; a squeeze now and again does a boy no harm;  
but not too much. And the hot water (Sheelah pours  
water) which is adversity—as little as possible, if  
ye plaze—that makes the good things better still.

Myles. And it's complate, ye see, for it's a woman  
that gets into hot wather all the while.

(Pours from jug to jug.)

Sheelah. Myles, if I hadn't the kettle, I'd bate  
ye.

Myles. Then, why didn't ye let me make the  
punch? There's a guinea for your riverince that's  
come t'ye—one in ten I got awhile ago—it's your  
tithe—put a hole in it, and hang it on your watch  
chain, for it's a mighty grate charm entirely.

(They sit, Sheelah near fire, Colleen on  
stool beside her, Father Tom in chair,  
Myles on stool, L. of table.)

Father T. Eily, look at that boy, and tell me  
haven't ye a dale to answer for?

Eily. He isn't as bad about me as he used to be;  
he's getting over it.

Myles. Yes, darlin', the storm has passed over,  
and I've got into settled bad weather.

Father T. Maybe, afther ail, ye'd have done better to have married Myles than be the wife of a man that's ashamed to own ye.

Eily. He isn't—he's proud of me. It's only when I spake like the poor people, and say or do anything wrong, that he's hurt; but I'm gettin' clane of the brogue, and learnin' to do nothing—I'm to be changed entirely.

Myles. Oh! if he'd lave me yer own self, and only take away wid him his improvements. Oh! murder—Eily, aroon, why wasn't ye twins, an' I could have one of ye, only nature couldn't make two like ye—it would be oureasonable to ax it.

Eily. Poor Myles, do you love me still so much?

Myles. Didn't I lave the world to folly ye, and since then there's been neither night nor day in my life—I lay down on Glenna Point above, where I see this cottage, and I lived on the sight of it. Oh, Eily! if tears were pison to the grass there wouldn't be a green blade on Glenna Hill this day.

Eily. But you knew I was married, Myles.

Myles. Not thin, aroon—Father Tom found me that way, and sat beside, and lifted up my soul. Then I confessed to him, and, sez he, "Myles, go to Eily; she has something to say to you—say I sent you." I came, and ye tould me ye were Hardress Cregan's wife, and that was a great comfort entirely. Since I knew that—(drinks—voice in cup)—I haven't been the blackguard I was.

Father T. See the beauty of the priest, my darlin'—*videte et admire*—see and admire it. It was at confession that Eily tould me she loved Cregan, and what did I do?—sez I, "Where did you meet your sweetheart?" At Garryowen," sez she, "Well," says I; "That's not the place." "Thrne," your riverince, it's too public intirely," sez she. "Ye'll mate him only in one place," sez I; "and that's the stile that's behind my chapel," for, d'ye see, her mother's grave was forenint the spot, and there's a sperrit round the place—(Myles drinks)—that kept her pure and strong. Myles, ye thafe, drink fair.

Sheelah. Come now, Eily, couldn't ye cheer up his riverince with the tail of a song?

Eily. Hardress bid me not sing any onld Irish songs; he says the words are vulgar.

Sheelah. Father Tom will give ye absolution.

Father T. Put your lips to that jug; there's only the sthrippens left. Drink! and while that thrne Irish liquor warms your heart, take this wid it. May the brogue of ould Ireland niver forsake your tongue—may her music niver lave yer voice—and may a true Irishwoman's virtue niver die in your heart!

Myles. Come, Eily, it's my liquor—haven't ye a word to say for it?

SONG.—EILY.—"Cruiskeen Lawn."

Let the farmer praise his grounds,  
As the huntsman doth his hounds,  
And the shepherd his fresh and dewy morn;  
But I, more blest than they,  
Spend each night and happy day,  
With my smilin' little Cruiskeen Lawn, Lawn,  
Lawn.

Chorus. (Repeat.) Gramachree, mavourneen, slanta  
gal avourneen,  
Gramachree ma Cruiskeen Lawn, Lawn, Lawn,  
With my smiling little Cruiskeen Lawn.

(Chorused by Myles, Father T., and Sheelah.)

MYLES.

And when grim Death appears  
In long and happy years,  
To tell me that my glass is run,  
I'll say, begone, you slave,  
For great Bacchus gave me lave  
To have another Cruiskeen Lawn—Lawn—  
Lawn.

Chorus.—Repeat.

Gramachree, &c., &c.

Hard. (Without, L. U. E.) Ho! Sheelah—Sheelah!

Sheelah. (Rising.) Whist! it's the master.

Eily. (Frightened.) Hardress! oh, my! what will he say if he finds us here?—run, Myles—quick, Sheelah—clear away the things!

Father T. Hurry now, or we'll get Eily in throuble.

(Takes keg—Myles takes jug—Sheelah kettle.)

Hard. Sheelah, I say!

[Exit Father Tom and Myles, R. U. E., quickly.  
Sheelah. Comin' sir; I'm puttin' on my petticoat.

[Exit Sheelah, R. U. E., quickly.

Enter HARDRESS and DANNY, L. U. E. opening.  
Danny immediately goes off, R. U. E.

Eily. (c.) Oh, Hardress, asthore!

Hard. (L. c.) Don't call me by those confounded Irish words—what's the matter? You're trembling like a bird caught in a trap.

Eily. Am I, mavon—no, I mean—is it tremblin' I am, dear?

Hard. What a dreadful smell of tobacco there is here, and the fumes of whisky punch, too, the place smells like a shebeen. Who has been here?

Eily. There was Father Tom and Myles dhropped in.

Hard. Niece company for my wife—a vagabond.

Eily. Ah! who made him so but me, dear? Before I saw you, Hardress, Myles coorted me, and I was kindly to the boy.

Hard. Damn it, Eily, why will you remind me that my wife was ever in such a position?

Eily. I won't see him again—if yer angry, dear, I'll tell him to go away, and he will, because the poor boy loves me.

Hard. Yes, better than I do, you mean?

Eily. No, I don't—oh! why do you spake so to your poor Eily?

Hard. Spake so! Can't you say speak?

Eily. I'll thry, aroon—I'm sthrivin'—'tis mighty hard, but what wouldn't I undert-tee-ta—undergo for your sa-se—for your seek.

Hard. Sake—sake!

Eily. Sake—seek—oh, it is to bother people entirely they mixed 'em up! Why didn't they make them all one way?

Hard. (Aside.) It is impossible! How can I present her as my wife? Oh! what an act of madness to tie myself to one so much beneath me—beautiful—good as she is—

Eily. Hardress, you are pale—what has happened?

Hard. Nothing—that is, nothing but what you will rejoice at.

Eily. What d'ye mane?

Hard. What do I mane! Mean—mean!

Eily. I beg your pardon, dear.

Hard. Well, I mean that after to-morrow there will be no necessity to hide our marriage, for I

shall be a beggar, my mother will be an outcast, and amidst all the shame, who will care what wife a Cregan takes?

*Eily.* And d'ye think I'd like to see you dhragged down to my side—ye don't know me—see now—never call me wife again—don't let on to mortal that we're married—I'll go as a servant in your mother's house—I'll work for the smile ye'll give me in passing, and I'll be happy, if ye'll only let me stand outside and hear your voice.

*Hard.* You're a fool. I told you that I was betrothed to the richest heiress in Kerry; her fortune alone can save us from ruin. To-night my mother discovered my visits here, and I told her who you were.

*Eily.* Oh! what did she say?

*Hard.* It broke her heart,

*Eily.* Hardress! is there no hope?

*Hard.* None. That is, none—that—that I can name.

*Eily.* There is one—I see it.

*Hard.* There is. We were children when we were married, and I could get no priest to join our hands but one, and he had been disgraced by his bishop. He is dead. There was no witness to the ceremony but Danny Mann—no proof but his word, and your certificate.

*Eily.* (Takes paper from her breast.) This!

*Hard.* Eily! if you doubt my eternal love keep that security, it gives you the right to the shelter of my roof; but, oh! if you would be content with the shelter of my heart.

*Eily.* And will it save ye, Hardress? and will your mother forgive me?

*Hard.* She will bless you—she will take you to her breast.

*Eily.* But you—another will take you to her breast.

*Hard.* Oh! Eily, darling—d'ye think I could forget you, machree—forget the sacrifice more than blood you give me.

*Eily.* Oh! when you talk that way to me, ye might take my life, and heart, and all. Oh! Hardress, I love you—take the paper and tare it.

(Hardress takes paper.)

*Enter MYLES, c., opening.*

*Myles.* No. I'll be damned if he shall.

*Hard.* Scoundrel! you have been listening?

*Myles.* To every word. I saw Danny, wid his ear agin that dure, so as there was only one key-hole I adopted the windy. Eily, aroon, Mr. Cregan will giv' ye back that paper; you can't tare up an oath; will ye help him then to cheat this other girl, and to make her his mistress, for that's what she'll be if ye are his wife. An' afther all, what is there agin' the crature? Only the money she's got. Will you stop lovin' him when his love belongs to another? No! I know it by myself; but if ye jine their hands together your love will be an adultery.

*Eily.* Oh, no!

*Hard.* Vagabond! outcast! jail bird! dare you prate of honour to me?

*Myles.* (c.) I am an outlaw, Mr. Cregan—a felon, may be—but if you do this thing to that poor girl that loves you so much—had I my neck in the rope—or my fut on the deck of a convict ship—I'd turn round and say to ye, "Hardress Cregan, I make ye a present of the contimpt of a rogue."

(Snaps fingers.)

*Music till end of Act.—Enter FATHER TOM, SHERLAH, and DANNY, R. U. E.—Hardress throws down paper—goes to table—takes hat.*

*Hard.* Be it so, Eily, farewell! until my house is clear of these vermin—(Danny appears at back)—you will see me no more.

[Exit Hardress, L. c., followed by Danny.]

*Eily.* Hardress—Hardress! (Going up.) Don't leave me, Hardress!

*Father T.* (Intercepts her.) Stop, Eily! (Danny returns and listens.)

*Eily.* He's gone—he's gone!

*Father T.* Give me that paper, Myles. (Myles picks it up—gives it.) Kneel down there, Eily, before me—put that paper in your breast.

*Eily.* (Kneeling.) Oh! what will I do—what will I do!

*Father T.* Put your hand upon it now.

*Eily.* Oh, my heart—my heart!

*Father T.* Be the hush, and spake after me—by my mother that's in heaven.

*Eily.* By my mother that's in heaven.

*Father T.* By the light and the word.

*Eily.* By the light and the word.

*Father T.* Sleepin' or wakin'.

*Eily.* Sleepin' or wakin'.

*Father T.* This proof of my truth.

*Eily.* This proof of my truth.

*Father T.* Shall never again quit my breast.

*Eily.* Shall never again quit my breast.

(Eily utters a cry and falls—Tableau.)

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—(1st grooves)—Gap of Dunloe; same as Second Scene, Act I.—Music.

*Enter HARDRESS and DANNY, L. 1 E.*

*Hard.* (R.) Oh! what a giddy fool I've been. What would I give to recall this fatal act which bars my fortune?

*Danny.* (L.) There's something troublin' yez, Masther Hardress. Can't Danny do something to aise ye?—spake the word and I'll die for ye.

*Hard.* Danny, I am troubled. I was a fool when I refused to listen to you at the chapel of Castle Island.

*Danny.* When I warned ye to have no call to Eily O'Connor.

*Hard.* I was mad to marry her.

*Danny.* I knew she was no wife for you. A poor thing widout manners, or money, or book larin', or a ha'porth of fortin'. Oh! worra. I told ye dat, but ye bate me off, and here now is the way of it.

*Hard.* Well, it's done, and can't be undone.

*Danny.* Bedad, I dun know that. Wouldn't she untie the knot herself—couldn't she untie the knot herself—couldn't ye coax her?

*Hard.* No.

*Danny.* Is that her love for you? Yea that giv' up the divil an all for her. What's her ruin to yours? Ruin—goredontha—ruin is it? Don't I pluck a shamrock and wear it a day for the glory of St. Patrick, and then throw it away when it's gone by my likin'. What, is she to be ruined by a gentleman? Whoo! Mighty good, for the likes o' her.

*Hard.* She would have yielded, but—

Danny. Asy now, an I'll tell ye. Pay her passage out to Quaybee, and put her aboard a three-master widont sayin' a word. Lave it to me. Danny will elare the road forenint ye.

Hard. Fool, if she still possesses that certificate—the proof of my first marriage—how can I dare to wed another? Commit bigamy—disgrace my wife—bastardize my children!

Danny. Den, by the powers, I'd do by Eily as wid the glove there on yer hand; make it come off, as it come on—an' if it fits too tight, take the knife to it.

Hard. (Turning to him.) What do you mean?

Danny. Only gi' me the word, an' I'll engage that the Colleen Bawn will never trouble ye any more; don't ax me any questions at all. Only—if you're agreeable, take off that glove from yer hand and give it me for a token—that's enough.

Hard. (Throws off cloak—seizes him—throws him down.) Villain! Dare you utter a word or meditate a thought of violence towards that girl—

Danny. Oh! murder—may I never die in sin, if—

Hard. Begone! away, at once, and quit my sight. I have chosen my doom; I must learn to endure it—but, blood! and hers! Shall I make cold and still that heart that beats alone for me?—quench those eyes, that look so tenderly in mine? Monster! am I so vile that you dare to whisper such a thought?

Danny. Oh! masther, divil burn me if I meant any harm.

Hard. Mark me well, now. Respect my wife as you would the queen of the land—whisper a word such as those you uttered to me, and it will be your last. I warn ye—remember and obey.

[Exit Hardress, R.]

Danny. (Rises—picks up cloak.) Oh! the darlin' creature! would I harrum a hair of her blessed head?—no! Not unless you gave me that glove, and den I'd jump into the bottomless pit for ye.

[Exit Danny, R.—Music—change.]

SCENE II.—Room in Mrs. Cregan's house; window, R. in flat, backed by landscape; door, L. in flat; backed by interior. (Lights up.)

Enter ANNE CHUTE, L. in flat.

Anne. That fellow runs in my head. (Looking at window.) There he is in the garden, smoking like a chimney-pot. (Calls.) Mr Daly!

Kyrle. (Outside window.) Good morning!

Anne. (Aside.) To think he'd smile that way, after going Leandering all night like a dissipated young owl. (Aloud.) Did you sleep well? (Aside.) Not a wink, you, villain, and you know it.

Kyrle. I slept like a top.

Anne. (Aside.) I'd like to have the whipping of ye. (Aloud.) When did you get back?

Kyrle. Get back! I've not been out.

Anne. (Aside.) He's not been out! This is what men come to after a cruise at sea—they get smug with love. Those foreign donnas teach them to make fire-places of their hearts, and chimney-pots of their mouths. (Aloud.) What are you doing down there? (Aside.) As if he was stretched out to dry. (Kyrle puts down pipe outside.)

Enter KYRLE through window, R., in flat.

Kyrle. (R. C.) I have been wateling Hardress coming over from Devil's Island in his boat—the wind was dead against him.

Anne. (L. C.) It was fair for going to Devil's Island last night, I believe.

Kyrle. Was it?

Anne. You were up late, I think?

Kyrle. I was. I watched by my window for hours, thinking of her I loved—slumber overtook me and I dreamed of a happiness I never can hope for.

Anne. Look me straight in the face.

Kyrle. Oh! if some fairy could strike us into stone now—and leave us looking for ever into each other's faces, like the blue lake below, and the sky above it.

Anne. Kyrle Daly! What would you say to a man who had two loves, one to whom he escaped at night, and the other to whom he devoted himself during the day, what would you say?

Kyrle. I'd say he had no chance.

Anne. Oh! Captain Cantious! Well answered! Isn't he fit to take care of anybody?—his cradle was cut out of a witness box.

Enter HARDRESS through window, R., in flat.

Kyrle. (R.) Anne! I don't know what you mean, but that I know that I love you, and you are sporting with a wretchedness you cannot console. I was wrong to remain here so long, but I thought my friendship for Hardress would protect me against your invasion—now I will go.

(Hardress adroneing.)

Hard. (C.) No, Kyrle, you will stay. Anne, he loves you, and I more than suspect you prefer him to me. From this moment you are free; I release you from all troth to me: in his presence I do this.

Anne. (L.) Hardress!

Hard. There is a bar between us which you should have known before, but I could not bring myself to confess. Forgive me, Anne—you deserve a better man than I am.

[Exit, L.]

Anne. A bar between us! What does she mean?

Kyrle. He means that he is on the verge of ruin: he did not know how bad things were till last night. His generous noble heart recoils from receiving anything from you but love.

Anne. And does he think I'd let him be ruined any way? Does he think I wouldn't sell the last rood o' land—the gown off my back, and the hair off my head, before the boy that protected and loved me, the child, years ago, should come to a hap'orth of harram.

(Crosses to R.)

Kyrle. Miss Chute!

Anne. Well, I can't help it. When I am angry the brogue comes out, and my Irish heart will burst through manners, and graces, and twenty stay laces. (Crosses to L.) I'll give up my fortune, that I will.

Kyrle. You can't—you've got a guardian who cannot consent to such a sacrifice.

Anne. Have I? then I'll find a husband that will.

Kyrle. (Aside.) She means me—I see it in her eyes.

Anne. (Aside.) He's trying to look uneonseions. (Aloud.) Kyrle Daly, on your honour and word as a gentleman, do you love me and nobody else?

Kyrle. Do you think me capable of contaminating your image by admitting a meaner passion into my breast?

Anne. Yes, I do.

Kyrle. Then you wrong me.

Anne. I'll prove that in one word.—Take care now—it's coming.

Kyrle. Go on.

Anne. (*Aside.*) Now I'll astonish him. (*Aloud.*) Eily!

Kyrle. What's that?

Anne. "Shule, shule, agra!"

Kyrle. Where to?

Anne. Three winks, as much as to say, "Are you coming?" and an extinguisher above here means "Yes." Now you see I know all about it.

Kyrle. You have the advantage of me.

Anne. Confess now, and I'll forgive you.

Kyrle. I will—tell me what to confess, and I'll confess it—I don't care what it is.

Anne. (*Aside.*) If I hadn't eye-proof he'd brazen it out of me. Isn't he cunning? He's one of those that would get fat where a fox would starve.

Kyrle. That was my little excursion into my past life—a sudden descent on my antecessors, to see if you could not surprise an infidelity—but I defy you.

Anne. You do? I accept that defiance, and mind me, Kyrle, if I find you true, as I once thought, there's my hand; but if you are false in this, Anne Chute will never change her name for yours. (*He kisses her hand.*) Leave me now.

Kyrle. Oh! the lightness you have given to my heart. The number of pipes I'll smoke this afternoon will make them think we've got a haystack on fire.

[*Exit Kyrle, through window, R.*]

Anne. (*Rings bell on table, R.*) Here, Pat—Barney—some one.

*Enter SERVANT, L. door in flat.*

Tell Larry Dolan, my groom, to saddle the black mare, Fireball, but not bring her round the house—I'll mount in the stables.

[*Exit Servant, L. door in flat.*]

I'll ride over to Muckross Head, and draw that cottage; I'll know what's there. It mayn't be right, but I haven't a big brother to see after me—and self-protection is the first law of nature.

[*Exit Anne, R. 1. E.*]

*Music.*—*Enter MRS. CREGAN and HARDRESS, L. door in flat.*

Mrs. C. (*R. c.*) What do you say, Hardress?

Hard. (*L. c.*) I say, mother, that my heart and faith are both already pledged to another, and I cannot break my engagement.

Mrs. C. And this is the end of all our pride!

Hard. Repining is useless—thought and contrivance are of no avail—the die is cast.

Mrs. C. Hardress—I speak not for myself, but for you—and I would rather see you in your coffin than married to this poor, lowborn, silly, vulgar creature. I know you, my son, you will be miserable, when the infatuation of first love is past; when you turn from her and face the world, as one day you must do, you will blush to say, "This is my wife." Every word from her mouth will be a pang to your pride—you will follow her movements with terror—the contempt and derision she excites will rouse you first to remorse, and then to hatred—and from the bed to which you go with a blessing, you will rise with a curse.

Hard. Mother! mother!

(*Throws himself in chair, R.*)

Mrs. C. To Anne you have acted a heartless and dishonourable part—her name is already coupled with yours at every fireside in Kerry.

*Enter SERVANT, L. door in flat.*

Ser. Mr. Corrigan, ma'am.

Mrs. C. He comes for his answer. Show him in. [*Exit Servant, L. door in flat.*]

The hour has come, Hardress—what answer shall I give him?

Hard. Refuse him—let him do his worst.

Mrs. C. And face beggary! On what shall we live? I tell you the prison for debt is open before us. Can you work? No! Will you enlist as a soldier, and send your wife into service? We are ruined—dy'e hear—ruined. I must accept this man only to give you and yours a shelter, and under Corrigan's roof I may not be ashamed perhaps to receive your wife.

*Enter SERVANT, showing in MR. CORRIGAN, L. door in flat.*

Corrig. (*L.*) Good morning, ma'am; I am punctual you perceive.

Mrs. C. (*c.*) We have considered your offer, sir, and we see no alternative—but—but—

Corrig. Mrs. Cregan, I'm proud, ma'am, to take your hand.

Hard. (*Starting up.*) Begone—begone, I say—touch her and I'll brain you.

Corrig. Squire! Sir! Mr. Hardress.

Hard. Must I hurl you from the house?

*Enter two SERVANTS, door in flat.*

Mrs. C. Hardress, my darling boy, restrain yourself.

Corrig. Good morning, ma'am. I have my answer. (*To Servant.*) Is Miss Chute within?

Ser. No, sir, she's just gal oped out of the stable yard.

Corrig. Say I called to see her. I will wait upon her at this hour to-morrow. (*Looking at the Cregans.*) To-morrow! to-morrow!

[*Exit followed by Servants, L. door in flat.*]

Mrs. C. To-morrow will see us in Limerick Jail, and this house in the hands of the sheriff.

Hard. Mother! heaven guide and defend me; let me rest for awhile—you don't know all yet, and I have not the heart to tell you. (*Crosses L.*)

Mrs. C. With you, Hardress, I can bear anything—anything but your humiliation and your unhappiness—

Hard. I know it, mother, I know it.

[*Exit, L. 1. E.—Music.*]

DANNY appears at window, R. in flat.

Danny. Whisht—missiz—whisht.

Mrs. C. (*L. c.*) Who's there?

Danny. It's me sure, Danny—that is—I know the trouble that's in it. I've been through it all wid him.

Mrs. C. You know, then—?

Danny. Everything, ma'am; and, shure, I sthruv hard and long to impache him from doing id.

Mrs. C. Is he, indeed, so involved with this girl that he will not give her up?

Danny. No; he's got over the worst of it, but she holds him tight, and he feels kindly and soft-hearted for her, and darn't do what another would.

Mrs. C. Dare not?

Danny. Sure she might be packed off across the wather to Ameriky, or them parts beyant? Who'd ever ax a word afther her?—barrin' the masther.

who'd murder me if he knew I whispered such a thing.

Mrs. C. But would she go?

Danny. Ow, ma'am, wid a taste of persuasion, we'd mulvather her aboard. But there's another way again, and if ye'd only coax the mather to send me his glove, he'd know the manin' of that token, and so would I.

Mrs. C. His glove?

Danny. Sorra a haporth else. If he'll do that, I'll take my oath ye'll hear no more of the Colleen Bawn.

Mrs. C. I'll see my son.

[Exit, L. D. F.]

Danny. Tare an' 'onnus, that lively girl, Miss Chute, has gone the road to Muckcross Head; I've watched her—I've got my eye on all of them. If she sees Eily—ow, ow, she'll get the ring itself in that helpin' of kale-canon. Be the piper, I'll run across the lake, and, maybe, get there first; she's got a long round to go, and the wind rising—a party blast entirely. (Goes to window—Music.)

Re-enter MRS. CREGAN, L. D. F., with glove.

Mrs. C. (Aside.) I found his gloves in the hall, where he had thrown them in his hat.

Danny. Did ye ax him, ma'am?

Mrs. C. I did—and here is the reply.

(Holds out glove.)

Danny. He has changed his mind, then?

Mrs. C. He has entirely.

Danny. And—and—I am—to—do it?

Mrs. C. That is the token.

Danny. I know it—I'll keep my promise. I'm to make away with her?

Mrs. C. Yes, yes—take her away—away with her!

[Exit Mrs. Cregan, L. door in flat.]

Danny. Never fear, ma'am. (Going to window.) He shall never see or hear again of the Colleen Bawn.

[Exit Danny through window—change.]

SCENE III.—Exterior of Eily's Cottage; Cottage, R. 3 E.; set pieces, backed by Lake; table and two seats, R. C.

SHEELAH and EILY discovered knitting.

Sheelah. (R.) Don't cry, darlin'—don't, alaina!

Eily. (L.) He'll never come back to me—I'll never see him again, Sheelah;

Sheelah. Is it lave his own wife?

Eily. I've sent him a letter by Myles, and Myles has never come back—I've got no answer—he won't spake to me—I am standin' betune him and fortune—I'm in the way of his happiness. I wish I was dead!

Sheelah. Whisht! be the hnsht! what talk is that? when I'm tuk sad that way, I go down to the chapel and pray a turn—it lifts the elond off my heart.

Eily. I can't pray; I've tried, but unless I pray for him, I can't bring my mind to it.

Sheelah. I never saw a colleen that loved as you love; sorra come to me, but I b'lieve you've got enough to supply all Munster, and more left over than would choke ye if you wern't azed of it.

Eily. He'll come back, I'm sure he will; I was wicked to doubt. Oh! Sheelah! what becomes of the girls he doesn't love. Is there anything goin' on in the world where he isn't?

Sheelah.—There now—you're smilin' again.

Eily. I'm like the first mornin' when he met me—there was dew on the young day's eye—a smile on the lips o' the lake. Hardress will come back—oh! yes; he'll never leave his poor Eily all alone by herself in this place. Whisht, now, an' I'll tell you. (Music.)

SONG.—Air, "Pretty Girl Milking her Cow."

'Twas on a bright morning in summer,  
I first heard his voice speaking low,  
As he said to a colleen beside me,  
"Who's that pretty girl milking her cow?"  
And many times after he met me,  
And vow'd that I always should be  
His own little darling alanna,  
Mavourneen a sweetish machree.  
I haven't the manners and graces  
Of the girls in the world where ye move,  
I haven't their beautiful faces,  
But I have a heart that can love.  
If it please ye, I'll dress in satins,  
And jewels I'll put on my brow,  
But don't ye be after forgettin'  
Your pretty girl milking her cow.

Sheelah. Ah, the birds sit still on the boughs to listen to her, and the trees stop whisperin'; she leaves a mighty big silence behind her voice, that nothin' in nature wants to break. My blessin' on the path before her—there's an angel at the other end of it.

[Exit Sheelah in cottage, R.]

Eily. (Repeats last line of song.)

Enter ANNE CHUTE, L. U. E.

Anne. There she is.

Eily. (Sings till facing Anne—stops—they examine each other.)

Anne. My name is Anne Chute.

Eily. I am Eily O'Connor.

Anne. You are the Colleen Bawn—the pretty girl.

Eily. And you are the Colleen Ruaidh.

Anne. (Aside.) She is beautiful.

Eily. (Aside.) How lovely she is.

Anne. We are rivals.

Eily. I am sorry for it.

Anne. So am I, for I feel that I could have loved you.

Eily. That's always the way of it; everybody wants to love me, but there's something spoils them off.

Anne. (Showing letter.) Do you know that writing?

Eily. I do, ma'am, well, though I don't know how you came by it.

Anne. I saw your signals last night—I saw his departure, and I have come here to convince myself of his falsehood to me. But now that I have seen you, you have no longer a rival in his love, for I despise him with all my heart, who could bring one so beautiful and simple as you are, to ruin and shame!

Eily. He didn't—no—I am his wife! Oh, what have I said!

Anne. What?

Eily. Oh, I didn't mane to confess it—no, I didn't! but you wrung it from me, in defence of him.

Anne. You his wife?

Enter DANNY, L. U. E.

Danny. (*At back—aside.*) The divil! they're at it—an' I'm too late!

Anne. I cannot believe this—show me your certificate.

Eily. Here it is.

Danny. (*Advances between them.*) Didn't you swear to the priest that it should never have your breast?

Anne. Oh! you're the boatman.

Danny. Iss, ma'am!

Anne. Eily, forgive me for doubting your goodness and your purity. I believe you. Let me take your hand. (*Crosses to her.*) While the heart of Anne Chute beats, you have a friend that won't be spoiled off, but you have no longer a rival, mind that. All I ask of you is that you will never mention this visit to Mr. Daly—and for you (*To Danny.*) this will purchase your silence. (*Gives money.*) Good-bye!

[*Exit Anne, L. U. E.*]

Danny. Long life t'ye. (*Aside.*) What does it maue? Hasn't she found me out.

Eily. Why did she ask me never to spake to Mr. Daly of her visit here? Sure I don't know any Mr. Daly.

Danny. Didn't she spake of him before, dear?

Eily. Never!

Danny. Nor didn't she name Master Hardress?

Eily. Well, I don't know; she spoke of him and of the letter I wrote to him, but I believe she never named him intirely.

Danny. (*Aside.*) The divil's in it for sport; She's got 'em mixed yet.

Enter SHEELAH from cottage, R.

Sheelah. What brings you back, Danny?

Danny. Nothing! but a word I have from the masther for the Colleen here.

Eily. Is it the answer to the letter I sent by Myles?

Danny. That's it, jewel, he sent me wid a message.

Sheelah. (*c.*) Somethin' bad has happened. Danny, you are as pale as milk, and your eye is full of blood—yez been drinkin'.

Danny. May be I have.

Sheelah. You thrimble, and can't spake straight to me. Oh! Danny, what is it, avick?

Danny. Go on now, and stop yer kennin'.

Eily. Faith, it isn't yourself that's in it, Danny; sure there's nothing happened to Hardress.

Danny. Divil a word, good or bad, I'll say while the mother's there.

Sheelah. I'm goin'. (*Aside.*) What's come to Danny this day, at all, at all; bedad, I don't know my own flesh and blood. [*Runs into cottage.*]

Danny. Sorro' and ruin has come on the Cregans; they're broke intirely.

Eily. Oh, Danny.

Danny. Whisht, now! You are to meet Masther Hardress this evenin', at a place on the Divil's Island, beyant. Ye'll never breathe a word to mortal to where yer goin', d'ye mind, now; but slip down, unbeknown, to the laudin' below, where I'll have the boat waitin' for yez.

Eily. At what hour?

Danny. Just after dark, there's no moon to-night, an' no one will see us crossin' the water.

[*Music till end of scene.*]

Eily. I will be there; I'll go down only to the little chapel by the shore, and pray there 'till ye come. [*Exit Eily into cottage, R.*]

Danny. I'm wake and cowl! What's this come over me? Mother, mother, aenshla.

Enter SHEELAH, R.

Sheelah. What is it, Danny?

Danny. (*Slagging to table.*) Give me a glass of spirits! (*Falls in chair.—Change quickly.*)

SCENE IV.—*The old Weir Bridge, or a Wood on the verge of the Lake—(1st grooves.)*

Enter ANNE CHUTE, R.

Anne. Married! the wretch is married! and with that crime already on his conscience he was ready for another and similar piece of villany. It's the Navy that does it. It's my belief those sailors have a wife in every place they stop at.

Myles. (*Sings outside, R.*)

"Oh! Eily astoir, my love is all crost.  
Like a bud in the frost."

Anne. Here's a gentleman who has got my complaint—his love is all crost, like a bud in the frost.

Enter MYLES, R.

Myles.

"And there's no use at all in my goin' to bed,  
For it's drames, and not sleep, that comes into my head,  
And it's all about you," &c. &c.

Anne. My good friend, since you can't catch your love, d'ye think you could catch my horse?

[*Distant thunder.*]

Myles. Is it a black mare wid a white stockin' on the fore off leg?

Anne. I dismounted to unhook a gate—a peal of thunder frightened her, and she broke away.

Myles. She's at Tore Cregan stables by this time—it was an admiration to watch her stride across the Phil Dolan's bit of plough.

Anne. And how am I to get home?

Myles. If I had four legs, I wouldn't ax better than to carry ye, an' a prond baste I'd be.

[*Thunder—rain.*]

Anne. The storm is coming down to the mountain—is there no shelter near?

Myles. There may be a corner in this ould chapel. (*Rain.*) Here comes the rain—murdher! ye'll be wet through. (*Music—pulls off coat.*) Put this round yez.

Anne. What will you do? You'll catch your death of cold.

Myles. (*Taking out bottle.*) Cowld is it. Here's a wardrobe of top coats. (*Thunder.*) Whoo! this is a fine time for the water—this way, ma'am.

[*Exeunt Myles and Anne, L.*]

Enter EILY, cloak and hood, R.

Eily. Here's the place where Danny was to meet me with the boat. Oh! here he is.

Enter DANNY, L.

How pale you are!

Danny. The thunder makes me sick.

Eily. Shall we not wait till the storm is over?

Danny. If it comes on bad we can put into the Divil's Island Cave.

Eily. I feel so happy that I am going to see him, yet there is a weight about my heart that I can't account for.

Danny. I can. (*Aside.*) Are you ready now?

Eily. Yes; come—come.

Danny. (*Slaggering.*) I'm wake yet. My throat is dry—if I'd a draught of whisky now.

Eily. Sheelah gave you a bottle.

Danny. I forgot—it's in the boat. (*Rain.*)

Eily. Here comes the rain—we shall get wet.

Danny. There's the masther's boat cloak below.

Eily. Come, Danny, lean on me. I'm afraid you are not sober enough to sail the skiff.

Danny. Sober! the dhrunker I am the better I can do the work I've got to do.

Eily. Come, Danny, come—come?

[*Exit Eily and Danny, R.—Music ceases.*]

Re-enter ANNE CHUTE and MYLES, L.

Myles. It was only a shower, I b'lieve—are ye wet, ma'am?

Anne. Dry as a biscuit.

Myles. Ah! then it's yerself is the brave and beautiful lady—as bould an' prond as a ship before the blast. (*Anne looks off, R.*)

Anne. Why there is my mare, and who comes with— (*Crosses to R.*)

Myles. It's Mr. Hardress Cregan himself.

Anne. Hardress here?

Myles. Eily gave me a letter for him this morn'ing.

Enter HARDRESS, R.

Hard. Anne, what has happened? Your horse galloped wildly into the stable—we thought you had been thrown.

Myles. Here is the letther Eily tould me to give him. (*To Hardress.*) I beg your pardon, sir, but here's the taste of a letther I was axed to give your honour. (*Gives letter.*)

Hard. (*Aside.*) From Eily!

Anne. Thanks, my good fellow, for your assistance.

Myles. Not at all, ma'am. Sure, there isn't a boy in the county Kerry that would not give two thumbs off his hands to do a service to the Colleen Ruaidh, as you are called among us—iss indeed. (*Going—aside.*) Ah! then it's the purty girl she is in them long clothes.

[*Exit Myles, R.*]

Hard. (*Reads, aside.*) "I am the cause of your ruin; I can't live with that thought killin' me. If I do not see you before night you will never again be troubled with your poor Eily." Little simpleton! she is capable of doing herself an injury.

Anne. Hardress! I have been very blind and very foolish, but to-day I have learned to know my own heart. There's my hand, I wish to seal my fate at once. I know the delicacy which prompted you to release me from my engagement to you. I don't accept that release; I am yours.

Hard. Anne, you don't know all.

Anne. I know more than I wanted, that's enough. I forbid you ever to speak on this subject.

Hard. You don't know my past life.

Anne. And I don't want to know. I've had enough of looking into past lives; don't tell me anything you wish to forget.

Hard. Oh, Anne—my dear cousin; if I could forget—if silence could be oblivion.

[*Exit Hardress and Anne, L.*]

SCENE V.—*Exterior of Myle's Hut. (1st grooves.)*

Enter MYLES, R., singing "Brian O' Linn."

"Brian o' Linn had no breeches to wear,  
So he bought him a sheepskin to make him a pair;  
The skinny side out and the woolly side in,  
'They are cool and convenient,' said Brian O' Linn."

(*Locks door of cabin.*) Now I'll go down to my whisky-still. It is under my feet this minute, bein' in a hole in the rocks they call O'Donoghne's stables, a sort of water cave; the people around here think that the cave is haunted with bad spirits, and they say that of a dark stormy night strange onearthly noises is heard comin' out of it—it is me singing "The night before Larry was stretched." Now I'll go down to that cave, and wid a sod of live turf under a kettle of worty, I'll invoke them sperrits—and what's more they'll come.

[*Exit Myles singing, R.—Music till Myles begins to speak next scene.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Cave; through large opening at back is seen the Lake and moon; rocks R. and L.—flat rock, R. C.; gauze waters all over stage; rope hanging from C., hitched on wing, R. U. E.*

Enter MYLES singing, top of rock, R. U. E.

Myles. And this is a purty night for my work! The smoke of my whisky-still will not be seen; there's my distillery beyant in a snug hole up there, (*Unfastens rope, L.*) and here's my bridge to cross over to it. I think it would puzzle a gauger to folly me; this is a patent of my own—a tight-rope bridge. (*Swings across from R. to L.*) Now I tie up my draibridge at this side till I want to go back—what's that—it was an otter I woke from a nap he was takin on that bit of rock there—ow! ye divil! if I had my gun I'd give ye a leaden supper. I'll go up and load it, may be I'll get a shot; them stones is the place where they lie out of a night, and many a one I've shot of them.

[*Music.—disappears up rock. L. U. E.*]

A small boat with DANNY and EILY appears from R., and works on to rock, C.

Eily. What place is this you have brought me to?

Danny. Never fear—I know where I'm goin'—step out on that rock—mind yer footin'; tis wet there.

Eily. I don't like this place—it's like a tomb.

Danny. Step out, I say; the boat is laking.

(*Eily steps on to rock, R. C.*)

Eily. Why do you spake to me so rough and cruel?

Danny. Eily, I have a word to say t'ye, listen now, and don't thrimble that way.

Eily. I won't, Danny—I won't.

Danny. Wouist, Eily, I was a fine brave boy, the pride of my ould mother, her white-haired darlin'—you wouldn't think it to look at me now. D'ye know how I got changed to this?

Eily. Yes, Hardress told me.

Danny. He done it—but I loved him before it, an' I loved him ather it—not a dhrop of blood I have, but I'd pour out like wather for the masther.

Eily. I know what you mean—as he has deformed your body—ruined your life—made ye what ye are.

Danny. Have you, a woman, less love for him than I, that you wouldn't give him what he wants of you, even if he broke your heart as he broke my baek, both in a moment of passion? Did I ax him to ruin himself and his ould family, and all to mend my bones? No! I loved him, and forgave him that.

Eily. Danny, what d'ye want me to do?

(Danny steps out on to rock.)

Danny. Give me that paper in your breast?

(Boat floats off slowly, R.)

Eily. I can't—I've sworn never to part with it! You know I have!

Danny. Eily, that paper stands between Hardress Cregan and his fortune; that paper is the ruin of him. Give it, I tell yez.

Eily. Take me to the priest; let him lift the oath off me. Oh! Danny, I swore a blessed oath on my two knees and ye would ax me to break that?

Danny. (Seizes her hands.) Give it up, and don't make me hurt ye.

Eily. I swore by my mother's grave, Danny. Oh! Danny dear, don't. Don't, acushla, and I'll do anything. See now, what good would it be: sure, while I live I'm his wife. (Music changes.)

Danny. Then you've lived too long. Take your marriage lines wid ye to the bottom of the lake.

(He throws her from rock backwards into the water, L. C., with a cry; she reappears, clinging to rock.)

Eily. No! save me. Don't kill me. Don't, Danny, I'll—do anything, only let me live.

Danny. He wants ye dead. (Pushes her off.)

Eily. Oh! Heaven help me. Danny—Dan— (Sinks.)

Danny. (Looking down.) I've done it. She's gone.

(Shot is fired, L. U. E.; he falls—rolls from the rock into the water, R. C.)

MYLES appears with gun on rock, L. U. E.

Myles. I hit one of them bastes that time. I could see well, though it was so dark. But there was somethin' moving on that stone. (Swings across to R. U. E.) Divil a sign of him. Stop! (Looks down.) What's this? it's a woman—there's something white there. (Figure rises near rock, R. U. E.—kneels down; tries to take the hand of figure.) Ah! that dress; it's Eily. My own darlin' Eily.

(Pulls off waistcoat—jumps off rock.)

Eily rises R.—then Myles and Eily rise up, C.—he turns, and seizes rock, R. C.—Eily across left arm.)

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Interior of an Irish hut; door and small opening R. C., door L. C. flat.

Truckle bed and bedding, R. C., on which DANNY MANN is discovered; table with jug of water; lighted candle stuck in bottle, L.; two stools—SHEELAH at table, L.—Music.

Danny. (In his sleep.) Gi' me the paper, thin—screeching won't save ye—down, down! (Wakes.) Oh, mother, darlin'—mother!

Sheelah. (Waking.) Eh! did ye eall me, Danny?

Danny. Gi' me a dhrop of wather—it's the thirst that's killin' me.

Sheelah. (Takes jug.) The fever's on ye mighty bad.

Danny. (Drinks, falls back, groans.) Oh, the fire in me won't go out! How long have I been here?

Sheelah. Ten days this night.

Danny. Ten days dis night! have I been all that time out of my mind?

Sheelah. Iss, Danny. Ten days ago, that stormy night, ye crawled in at that dure, wake an' like a ghost.

Danny. I remind me now.

Sheelah. Ye tould me that ye'd been poachin' salmon and had been shot by the keepers.

Danny. Who said I hadn't?

Sheelah. Divil a one! Why did ye make me promise not to say a word about it? didn't ye refuse even to see a doctor itself?

Danny. Has any one axed after me?

Sheelah. No one but Mr. Hardress.

Danny. Heaven bless him.

Sheelah. I tould him I hadn't seen ye, and here ye are this day groanin' when there's great doin's up at Castle Chinte. To-morrow the masther will be married to Miss Anne.

Danny. Married! but—the-his—

Sheelah. Poor Eily, ye mane?

Danny. Hide the candle from my eyes, it's painin' me, shade it off. Go on, mother.

Sheelah. The poor Colleen! Oh, vo, Danny, I knew she'd die of the love that was ehokin' her. He didn't know how tindher she was, when he give her the hard word. What was that message the masther sent to her, that ye wouldn't let me hear? It was ernel, Danny, for it broke her heart entirely; she went away that night, and, two days after, a eloak was found floatin' in the reeds, under Birkeen Bridge; nobody knew it but me. I turned away, and never said—. The creature is drowned, Danny, and woe to them as dhruv her to it. She has no father, no mother to put a curse on him, but there's the Father above that niver spakes till the last day, and then—(She turns and sees Danny gasping, his eyes fixed on her, supporting himself on his arm.) Danny! Danny! he's dyin'! —he's dyin'! (Runs to him, R. of bed.)

Danny. Who said that? Ye lie! I never killed her—sure he sent me the glove—where is it?

Sheelah. He's ravin' again.

Danny. The glove, he sent it to me full of blood. Oh! master dear, there's your token. I tould ye I would clear the path foreninst ye.

Sheelah. Danny, what dy'e mane?

Danny. I'll tell ye how I did it, masther; 'twas dis way, but don't smile like dat, don't, sir! she wouldn't give me de marriage lines, so I sunk her, and her proofs wid her! She's gone! she came up wonst, but I put her down agin! Never fear—she'll never thronble yer agin, never, never.

(Lies down, mutters—Sheelah on her knees, in horror and prayer.)

Sheelah. 'Twas he! he!—my own son—he's murdered her, and he's dyin' now—dyin', wid blood on his hands! Danny! Danny! Spake to me.

Danny. A doether! will dey let me dio like a baste, and never a doether?

Sheelah. I'll run for one that'll eure ye. Oh! weerasthrne, Danny! Is it for this I've loved ye? No, forgive me, acushla, it isn't your own mother that 'nd add to yer heart-breakin' and pain. I'll fetch the doether, aviek. (Music—puts on cloak,

and pulls hood over her head.) Oh! hone—oh! hone!

[Exit Sheelah, L. door in flat—a pause—knock—pause—knock.]

Enter CORRIGAN, door in flat, L. C.

Corrig. Sheelah! Sheelah! Nobody here?—I'm bothered entirely. The cottage on Muckross Head is empty—not a sowl in it but a cat. Myles has disappeared, and Danny gone—vanished, bedad, like a fog. Sheelah is the only one remaining. I called to see Miss Chute; I was kicked out. I sent her a letter; it was returned to me unopened. Her lawyer has paid off the mortgage, and taxed my bill of costs—the spalpeen! (Danny groans.) What's that? Some one asleep there. 'Tis Danny!

Danny. A doether—gi' me a doctor!

Corrig. Danny here—concealed, too! Oh! there's something going on that's worth peepin' into. Whist! there's footsteps comin'. If I could hide a bit. I'm a magistrate, an' I ought to know what's goin' on—here's a turf hole wid a windy in it.

[Exit Corrigan, opening in flat, R. C.]

Enter SHEELAH and FATHER TOM, L. C. door.

Sheelah. (Goes to Danny.) Danny!

Danny. Is that you, mother.

Sheelah. I've brought the doether, asthore.

(Danny looks up.)

Danny. The priest!

Sheelah. (On her knees R. of bed.) Oh! my darlin', don't be angry wid me, but dis is the doether you want; it isn't in your body where the hurt is; the wound is in your poor sowl—there's all the harrum.

Father T. Danny, my son—(sits L. on bed)—it's sore-hearted I am to see you down this way.

Sheelah. And so good a son he was to his ould mother.

Danny. Don't say that—don't.

(Covering his face.)

Sheelah. I will say it—my blessin' on ye—see that, now, he's cryin'.

Father T. Danny, the hand of death is on ye. Will ye lave your sins behind ye here below, or will ye take them with ye above, to show them on ye? Is there anything ye can do that'll mend a wrong? leave that legacy to your friend and he'll do it. Do ye want pardon of any one down here—tell me, avick; I'll get it for ye, and send it after you—may be ye'll want it.

Danny. (Rising up on arm.) I killed Eily O'Connor.

Sheelah. (Covers her face with her hands.) Oh! oh!

Father T. What harrum had ye agin the poor Colleen Bawn?

(Corrigan takes notes.)

Danny. She staid in his way, and he had my heart and sowl in his keeping.

Father T. Hardress!

Danny. Hissself! I said I'd do it for him, if he'd give me the token.

Father T. Did Hardress employ you to kill the girl?

Danny. He sent me the glove; that was to be the token that I was to put her away, and I did—I—in the Pool a Dhiol. She wouldn't gi' me the marriage lines; I threw her in and then I was kilt.

Father T. Killed! by whose hand?

Danny. I don't know, unless it was the hand of heaven.

Father T. (Rising, goes down—aside.) Myles na Coppaleen is at the bottom of this; his whisky still is in that cave, and he has not been seen for ten days past. (Aloud—goes to Danny.) Danny, after ye fell, how did ye get home?

Danny. I fell in the wather; the current carried me to a rock; how long I was there half drowned I don't know, but on wakin' I found my boat floatin' close by, an' it was still dark, I got in and crawled here.

Father T. (Aside.) I'll go and see Myles—there's more in this than has come out.

Sheelah. Won't yer riverince say a word of comfort to the poor boy?—he's in great pain entirely.

Father T. Keep him quiet, Sheelah. (Music.) I'll be back again with the comfort for him. Danny, your time is short; make the most of it. (Aside.) I'm off to Myles na Coppaleen. Oh, Hardress—(going up)—Cregan, ye little think what a bridal day ye'll have!

[Exit door in flat, L. C.]

Corrig. (Who has been writing in note-book, comes out—at back.) I've got down every word of the confession. Now, Hardress Cregan, there will be guests at your weddin' to-night ye little dhrame of.

[Exit door in flat, L. C.]

Danny. (Rising up.) Mother, mother! the pain is on me. Wather—quick—wather!

(Sheelah runs to L. table—takes jug—gives it to Danny—he drinks—Sheelah takes jug—Danny struggles—falls back on bed—close on picture.)

SCENE II.—Chamber in Castle Chute. (1st grooves.)

Enter KYRLE DALY and SERVANT, R.

Kyrle. Inform Mrs. Cregan that I am waiting upon her.

Enter MRS. CREGAN, L.

Mrs. C. I am glad to see you, Kyrle.

[Exit Servant, L.]

Kyrle. (R. C.) You sent for me, Mrs. Cregan. My ship sails from Liverpool to-morrow. I never thought I could be so anxious to quit my native land.

Mrs. C. I want you to see Hardress. For ten days past he shuns the society of his bride. By night he creeps out alone in his boat on the lake—by day he wanders round the neighbourhood, pale as death. He is heartbroken.

Kyrle. Has he asked to see me?

Mrs. C. Yesterday he asked where you were.

Kyrle. Did he forget that I left your house when Miss Chute, without a word of explanation, behaved so unkindly to me?

Mrs. C. She is not the same girl since she accepted Hardress. She quarrels—weeps—complains, and has lost her spirits.

Kyrle. She feels the neglect of Hardress.

Anne. (Without, R.) Don't answer me, Obey! and hold your tongue.

Mrs. C. Do you hear? she is eating one of the servants.

Anne. (Without.) No words—I'll have no sulky looks neither.

Enter ANNE, R., dressed as a bride, with veil and wreath in her hand.

Anne. Is that the veil and wreath I ordered? How dare you tell me that. (Throws it off, R.)

Mrs. C. Anne!

(Anne sees Kyrle—stands confused.)

Kyrle. You are surprised to see me in your house, Miss Chute?

Anne. You are welcome, sir.

Kyrle. (Aside.) She looks pale! She's not happy—that's gratifying.

Anne. He doesn't look well—that's some comfort.

Mrs. C. I'll try to find Hardress.

[Exit Mrs. Cregan, L.]

Kyrle. I hope you don't think I intrude—that is—I came to see Mrs. Cregan.

Anne. (Sharply.) I don't flatter myself you wished to see me, why should you?

Kyrle. Anne, I am sorry I offended you; I don't know what I did, but no matter.

Anne. Not the slightest

Kyrle. I released your neighbourhood of my presence.

Anne. Yes, and you released the neighbourhood of the presence of somebody else—she and you disappeared together.

Kyrle. She!

Anne. Never mind.

Kyrle. But I do mind. I love Hardress Cregan as a brother, and I hope the time may come, Anne, when I can love you as a sister.

Anne. Do you? I don't.

Kyrle. I don't want the dislike of my friend's wife to part my friend and me.

Anne. Why should it? I'm nobody.

Kyrle. If you were my wife, and asked me to hate anyone, I'd do it—I couldn't help it.

Anne. I believed words like that once when you spoke them, but I have been taught how basely you can deceive.

Kyrle. Who taught you?

Anne. Who?—your wife.

Kyrle. My what?

Anne. Your wife—the girl you concealed in the cottage on Muckcross Head. Stop now, don't speak—save a falsehood, however many ye have to spare. I saw the girl—she confessed.

Kyrle. Confessed that she was my wife?

Anne. Made a clean breast of it in a minute, which is more than you could do with a sixteen foot waggon and a team of ten in a week.

Kyrle. Anne, hear me; this is a frightful error—the girl will not repeat it.

Anne. Bring her before me and let her speak.

Kyrle. How do I know where she is?

Anne. Well, bring your boatman then, who told me the same.

Kyrle. I tell you it is false; I never saw—never knew the girl!

Anne. You did not? (Shows Eily's letter.) Do you know that? You dropped it, and I found it.

Kyrle. (Takes letter.) This! (Reads.)

Enter HARDRESS, L.

Anne. Hardress! (Turns aside.)

Kyrle. Oh! (Suddenly struck with the truth—glances towards Anne—finding her looking away, places letter to Hardress.) Do you know that?—you dropped it.

Hard. (Conceals letter.) Eh?—oh!

Kyrle. 'Twas he. (Looks from one to the other.) She thinks me guilty; but if I stir to exculpate myself, he is in for it.

Hard. You look distressed, Kyrle. Anne, what is the matter?

Kyrle. Nothing, Hardress. I was about to ask Miss Chute to forget a subject which was painful to her, and to beg of her never to mention it again—not even to you, Hardress.

Hard. I am sure she will deny you nothing.

Anne. I will forget, sir; (aside) but I will never forgive him—never.

Kyrle. (Aside.) She loves me still, and he loves another, and I am the most miserable dog that ever was kicked. (Crosses to L.) Hardress, a word with you.

[Exit Kyrle and Hardress, L.]

Anne. And this is my wedding day. There goes the only man I ever loved. When he's here near by me, I could give him the worst treatment a man could desire, and when he goes away he takes the heart and all of me off with him, and I feel like an unfurnished house. This is pretty feelings for a girl to have, and she in her regimentals. Oh! if he wasn't married—but he is, and he'd have married me as well—the malignant! Oh! if he had, how I'd have made him swing for it—it would have afforded me the happiest moment of my life.

[Music.—Exit Anne, L.]

SCENE III.—Exterior of Myles's Hut, door R. in flat. (2nd grooves.)

Enter FATHER TOM, L.

Father T. Here's Myles's shanty. I'm nearly killed with climbin' the hill. I wonder is he at home? Yes, the door is locked inside. (Knocks.) Myles—Myles, are ye at home?

Myles. (Outside, R. 2 E.) No—I'm out.

Enter MYLES, R. 2 E.

Arrah! is it yourself, Father Tom, that's in it?

Father T. Let us go inside, Myles—I've a word to say t'ye.

Myles. I—I've lost the key.

Father T. Sure it's sticken inside.

Myles. Iss—I always lock the dure inside and lave it there when I go out, for fear on losin' it.

Father T. Myles, come here to me. It's lyin' ye are. Look me in the face. What's come to ye these tin days past—three times I've been to your door and it was locked, but I heard ye stirrin' inside.

Myles. It was the pig, yer riverince.

Father T. Myles, why did yer shoot Danny Manu?

Myles. Oh, murther, who tould you that?

Father T. Himself.

Myles. Oh, Father Tom, have ye seen him?

Father T. I've just left him.

Myles. Is it down there ye've been?

Father T. Down where?

Myles. Below, where he's gone to—where would he be, afther murthering a poor crature?

Father T. How d'ye know that?

Myles. How! how did I?—whisht, Father Tom, it was his ghost.

Father T. He is not dead, but dyin' fast, from the wound ye gave him.

Myles. I uever knew 'twas himself 'till I was tould.

Father T. Who tould you?

Myles. Is it who?

Father T. Who? who?—not Danny, for he doesn't know who killed him.

*Myles.* Wait, an' I'll tell you. It was nigh twelve that night, I was comin' home—I know the time, betoken Murty Dwyer made me step in his shebeen, bein' the wake of the ould Callaghan, his wife's uncle—and a dacent man he was. "Murty," ses I—

*Father T.* Myles, you're desavin, me.

*Myles.* Is it afther desavin' yer riverence I'd be?

*Father T.* I see the lie in yer mouth. Who tould ye it was Danny Mann ye killed?

*Myles.* You said so awhile ago.

*Father T.* Who tould ye it was Danny Mann?

*Myles.* I'm comin' to it. While I was at Mnrty's, yer riverence, as I was a tellin' you—Dan Daley was there—he had just kim'd in. "Good morrow good day"—ses he. "Good morrow, good Dan, ses I,"—jest that ways entirely—"it's an opening to the heart to see you." Well, yer riverence, as I ware sayin',—"long life an' good wife to ye, Masther Dan," ses I. "Thank ye," ses he, "and the likes to ye, anyway." The moment I speek them words, Dan got heart, an' up an' tould Murty about his love for Mnrty's darty—the Colleen Rue. The moment he heard that, he puts elbows in himself, an' stood lookin' at him ont on the flure. "Yon flog Europe, for boldness," ses he—"get out of my sight," ses he,—"this moment," ses he,—"or I'll give yer a kick that will rise you from poverty to the highest pitch of affluence," ses he—"away out o' that, you notorions delinquent; single yer freedom, and double yer distance," ses he. Well, Dan was forced to cut an' run. Poor boy, I was sorry for his trouble; there isn't a better son nor brother this moment goin' the road than what he is—said—said—there wasn't a better, an', an'—oh! Father Tom, don't ax me; I've got an oath on my lips. (*Music.*) Don't be hard on a poor boy.

*Father T.* I lift the oath from ye. Tell me, avieh, oh! tell me Did ye search for the poor thing—the darlin' soft-eyed Colleen? Oh! Myles, could ye lave her to lie in the cowl'd lake all alone?

*Enter EILY from door R. flat.*

*Myles.* No, I couldn't.

*Father T.* (*Turns—sees Eily.*) Eily! Is it yerself, and alive—an' not—not—Oh! Eily, mavourneen. Come to my heart. (*Embraces Eily.*)

*Myles.* (*Crosses to L.*) D'ye think ye'd see me alive if she wasn't? I thought ye knew me better—it's at the bottom of the Pool a Dhiol I'd be this minute if she wasn't to the fore.

*Father T.* (*C.*) Speak to me—let me hear your voice.

*Eily.* Oh! father, father, won't ye take me, far, far away from this place.

*Father T.* Why did ye hide yourself this way?

*Eily.* For fear he'd see me.

*Father T.* Hardress. You knew then that he instigated Danny to get rid of ye?

*Eily.* Why didn't I die—why am I alive now for him to hate me?

*Father T.* D'ye know that in a few hours he is going to marry another?

*Eily.* I know it. Myles tould me—that's why I'm hiding myself away.

*Father T.* What does she mean?

*Myles.* (*L.*) She loves him still—that's what she means.

*Father T.* Love the wretch who sought your life!

*Eily.* Isn't it his own? It isn't his fault if his love couldn't last as long as mine. I was a poor, mane creature—not up to him any way; but if he'd only said, "Eily, put the grave between us and make me happy," sure I'd laid down, wid a big heart, in the loch.

*Father T.* And you are willing to pass a life of seclusion that he may live in his guilty joy?

*Eily.* If I was alive wouldn't I be a shame to him an' a ruin—ain't I in his way? Heaven help me—why would I trouble him? Oh! he was in great pain o' mind entirely when he let them put a hand on me—the poor darlin'.

*Father T.* And you mean to let him believe you dead?

*Eily.* Dead an' gone: then perhaps, his love for me will come back, and the thought of his poor, foolish little Eily that worshipped the ground he stood on, will fill his heart awhile.

*Father T.* And where will you go?

*Eily.* I don't know. Anywhere. What matters?

*Myles.* (*Against wing, L.*) Love makes all places alike.

*Eily.* I'm alone in the world now.

*Father T.* The villain—the monster! He sent her to heaven because he wanted her there to blot out with her tears the record of his iniquity. Eily, ye have but one home, and that's my poor house. You are not alone in the world—there's one beside ye, your father, and that's myself.

*Myles.* Two—bad luck to me, two. I am her mother; sure I brought her into the world a second time.

*Father T.* (*Looking, R.*) Whist! look down there, Myles—what's that on the road?

*Myles.* (*Crosses, R.*) It's the sogers—a company of red-coats. What brings the army out?—who's that wid them?—it is ould Corrigan, and they are going towards Castle Chute. There's mischief in the wind.

*Father T.* In with you, an' keep close awhile; I'll go down to the castle and see what's the matter. (*Crosses R.*)

*Eily.* Promise me that you'll not betray me—that none but yourself and Myles shall ever know I'm livin'; promise me that, before you go.

*Father T.* I do, Eily; I'll never breathe a word of it—it is as sacred as an oath.

[*Exit L.—Music.*]

*Eily.* (*Going to cottage.*) Shut me in, Myles, and take the key wid ye, this time.

[*Exit in cottage, R. C.*]

*Myles.* (*Locks door.*) There ye are, like a pearl in an oyster; now I'll go to my bed as usual on the mountain above—the bolster is stuffed wid rocks, and I'll have a cloud round me for a blanket.

[*Exit Myles, R. 2 E.*]

#### SCENE IV.—Outside of Castle Chute. (*1st grooves.*)

*Enter CORRIGAN and six SOLDIERS, R. 1 E.*

*Corrig.* Quietly, boys; sthrew yourselves round the wood—some of ye at the gate beyant—two more this way—watch the windies; if he's there to escape at all he'll jump from a windy. The house is surrounded. (*Quadrille music under stage.—Air, "The Boulanger."*) Oh! oh! they're dancin'—dancin' and merry-making, while the net is closin' around 'em. Now Masther Hardress Cregau—I

was kicked out, was I; but I'll come this time wid a call that ye'll answer wid your head instead of your foot. My letters were returned mopened; but here's a bit of writin' that ye'll not be able to hand back so easy.

*Enter* CORPORAL, R.

Corp. All right, sir.

Corrig. Did you find the woman, as I told ye?

Corp. Here she is, sir.

*Enter* SHEELAH, guarded by two SOLDIERS, R.

Sheelah. (Crying.) What's this? Why am I hrated this way—what have I done?

Corrig. You are wanted awhile—it's your testimony we require. Bring her this way. Follow me!

[Exit, L.

Sheelah. (Struggling.) Let me go back to my boy. Ah! good luck t'ye, don't kape me from my poor boy! (Struggling.) Oh! you dirty blackguards, let me go—let me go!

[Exit Sheelah and Soldiers, L.

SCENE V.—Ball Room in Castle Chute. Steps, c.; platform—balustrades on top; backed by moonlight landscape—doors R. and L.; table, L. C.; writing materials, books, papers on; chairs; chair, L. 2. E.; Chairs, R.; chandeliers lighted. LADIES and GENTLEMEN, WEDDING GUESTS discovered, HYLAND CREAGH, BERTIE O'MOORE, DUCIE, KATHLEEN CREAGH, ADACREAGH, PATSIE O'MOORE, BRIDESMAIDS and SERVANTS discovered.—Music going on under stage.

Hyland. Ducie, they are dancing the Boulanger, and they can't see the figure unless you lend them the light of your eyes.

Kathleen. We have danced enough; it is nearly seven o'clock.

Ducie. Mr. O'Moore; when is the ceremony to commence?

O'Moore. The execution is fixed for seven—here's the scaffold, I presume. (Points to table.)

Hyland. Hardress looks like a criminal. I've seen him fight three duels, and he never showed such a pale face as he exhibits to-night.

Ducie. He looks as if he was frightened at being so happy.

Hyland. And Kyrle Daly wears as gay an appearance.

*Enter* KYRLE DALY, down steps, c.

Ducie. Hush! here he is.

Kyrle. That need not stop your speech, Hyland. I don't hide my love for Ann Chute, and it is my pride, and no fault of mine if she has found a better man.

Hyland. He is not a better man.

Kyrle. He is—she thinks so—what she says becomes the truth.

*Enter* MRS. CREGAN, L. 2 E.

Mrs. C. Who says the days of chivalry are over? Come, gentlemen, the bridesmaids must attend the bride. The guests will assemble in the hall.

*Enter* SERVANT, R. 2 E., with letter and card on salver.

Serv. Mr. Bertie O'Moore, if you please. A gentleman below asked me to hand you this card.

O'Moore. A gentleman; what can he want? (Reads card.) Ah, indeed; this is a serious matter, and excuses the intrusion.

Hyland. What's the matter?

O'Moore. A murder has been committed.

All. A murder?

O'Moore. The perpetrator of the deed has been discovered, and the warrant for his arrest requires my signature.

Hyland. Hang the rascal.

(Goes up with Ducie.)

O'Moore. A magistrate, like a doctor, is called on at all hours.

Mrs. C. We can excuse you for such a duty, Mr. O'Moore.

O'Moore. (Crossing, R.) This is the result of some brawl at a fair, I suppose. Is Mr. Corrigan below?

Mrs. C. (Starting.) Corrigan?

O'Moore. Show me to him.

[Exit O'Moore and Servant, R. 2. E.—

Guests go up and off, L. U. E.

Mrs. C. Corrigan here! What brings that man to this house?

[Exit Mrs. Cregan, R. 3 E.

*Enter* HARDRESS, down steps, c. from R., pale.

Hardress. (Sits, L.) It is in vain—I cannot repress the terror with which I approach these nuptials—yet, what have I to fear? Oh! my heart is bursting with its load of misery.

*Enter* ANNE, down steps, c. from R.

Anne. Hardress! what is the matter with you?

Hard. (Rising, L. C.) I will tell you—yes, it may take this horrible oppression from my heart. At one time I thought you knew my secret: I was mistaken.—The girl you saw at Muckcross Head—

Anne. (R. C.) Eily O'Connor.

Hard. Was my wife!

Anne. Your wife?

Hard. Hush! Maddened with the miseries this act brought upon me, I treated her with cruelty—she committed suicide.

Anne. Merciful powers!

Hard. She wrote to me bidding me farewell for ever, and the next day her cloak was found floating in the lake. (Anne sinks in chair.) Since then I have neither slept nor waked—I have but one thought, one feeling; my love for her, wild and maddened, has come back upon my heart, like a vengeance. (Music—tumult heard, R.)

Anne. Heaven defend our hearts, what is that?

*Enter* MRS. CREGAN, deadly pale, R. 3 E.—Locks door behind her.

Mrs. C. Hardress! my child!

Hard. Mother!

Anne. Mother, he is here. Look on him—speak to him—do not gasp and stare on your son in that horrid way. Oh! mother, speak, or you will break my heart.

Mrs. C. Fly—fly! (Hardress going, R.) Not that way. No—the doors are defended! there is a soldier placed at every entrance! You—you are trapped and caught—what shall we do?—the window in my chamber—come—come—quick—quick!

Anne. Of what is he accused?

Hard. Of murder! I see it in her face. (Noise, R.)

Mrs. C. Hush! they come—begone! Your boat is below that window, Don't speak! when oceans are between you and danger—write! Till then not a word. (*Forcing him off, L. 3 E.—noise, R.*)

Anne. Accused of murder! He is innocent!

Mrs. C. Go to your room! Go quickly to your room, you will betray him—you can't command your features.

Anne. Dear mother, I will.

Mrs. C. Away, I say—you will drive me frantic, girl. My brain is stretched to cracking. Ha!

(*Noise, R.*)

Anne. There is a tumult in the drawing-room.

Mrs. C. They come! You tremble! Go—take away your puny love—hide it where it will not injure him—leave me to face this danger!

Anne. He is not guilty.

Mrs. C. What's that to me, woman? I am his mother—the hunters are after my blood! Sit there—look away from this door. They come!

(*Knocking loudly—crash—door R. 3. E. opened—enter CORPORAL and SOLDIERS, who cross stage, facing up to charge—GENTLEMEN with drawn swords on steps, c.; LADIES on at back—O'MOORE, R. 3 E.—Enter CORRIGAN, R. 3 E.—KYRLE on steps, c.*)

Corrig. Gentlemen, put up your swords, the house is surrounded by a military force, and we are here in the king's name.

Anne (R.) Gentlemen, come on, there was a time in Ireland when neither king nor faction could call on Castle Chute without a bloody welcome.

Guests. Clear them out.

Kyrle. (*Interposing.*) Anne, are you mad? Put up your swords—stand back there—speak—O'Moore, what does this strange outrage mean?

(*Soldiers fall back—Gentlemen on steps—Kyrle comes forward.*)

O'Moore. Mrs. Cregan, a fearful charge is made against your son; I know—I believe he is innocent. I suggest, then, that the matter be investigated here at once, amongst his friends—so that this scandal may be crushed in its birth.

Kyrle. Where is Hardress?

Corrig. Where?—why he's escaping while we are jabbering here. Search the house.

(*Exit two Soldiers, R. 3 E.*)

Mrs. C. (L.) Must we submit to this, sir? Will you, a magistrate, permit—

O'Moore. I regret, Mrs. Cregan, but as a form—

Mrs. C. Go on, sir!

Corrig. (*At door, L. 3 E.*) What room is this? 'tis locked—

Mrs. C. That is my sleeping chamber

Corrig. My duty compels me.

Mrs. C. (*Throws key down on ground.*) Be it so sir.

Corrig. (*Picks up key—unlocks door.*) She had the key—he's there.

(*Exit Corrigan, Corporal, and two Soldiers.*)

Mrs. C. He has escaped by this time.

O'Moore (*At L. table.*) I hope Miss Chute will pardon me for my share in this transaction—believe me, I regret—

Anne (R.) Don't talk to me of your regret, while you are doing your worst. It is hate, not justice, that brings this accusation against Hardress, and this disgrace upon me.

Kyrle. Anne!

Anne. Hold your tongue—his life's in danger, and if I can't love him, I'll fight for him, and that's more than any of you men can do. (*To O'Moore.*) Go on with your dirty work. You have done the worst now—you have dismayed our guests, scattered terror amid our festival, and made the remembrance of this night, which should have been a happy one, a thought of gloom and shame.

Mrs. C. Hark! I hear—I hear his voice. It cannot be.

*Re-enter CORRIGAN, L. 3 E.*

Corrig. The prisoner is here!

Mrs. C. (c.) Ah—(*utters a cry*)—is he? Dark bloodhound, have you found him? May the tongue that tells me so be withered from the roots, and the eye that first detected him be darkened in its socket?

Kyrle. Oh, madam! for heaven's sake!

Anne. Mother! mother!

Mrs. C. What! shall it be for nothing he has stung the mother's heart, and set her brain on fire?

*Enter HARDRESS, handcuffed, and two SOLDIERS, L. 3 E.*

I tell you that my tongue may hold its peace, but there is not a vein in all my frame but curses him. (*Turns—sees Hardress; falls on his breast.*) My boy! my boy!

Hard. (L.) Mother, I entreat you to be calm. (*Crosses to c.*) Kyrle, there are my hands, do you think there is blood upon them?

(*Kyrle seizes his hand—Gentlemen press round him, take his hand, and retire up.*)

Hard. I thank you, gentlemen; your hands acquit me. Mother, be calm—sit there.

(*Points to chair, L.*)

Anne. (R.) Come here, Hardress; your place is here by me.

Hard. (R. c.) Now, sir, I am ready.

Corrig. (L. of table.) I will lay before you, sir, the deposition upon which the warrant issues against the prisoner. Here is the confession of Daniel or Danny Mann, a person in the service of the accused, taken on his death-bed; in articulo mortis, you'll observe.

O'Moore. But not witnessed.

Corrig. (*Calling.*) Bring in that woman.

*Enter SHEELAH and two SOLDIERS, R. 3 E.*

I have witnesses. Your worship will find the form of law in perfect shape.

O'Moore. Read the confession, sir.

Corrig. (*Reads.*) "The deponent being on his death-bed, in the presence of Sheelah Mann and Thomas O'Brien, parish priest of Kinmare, deposed and said"—

*Enter FATHER TOM, R. 3 E.*

Oh, you are come in time, sir.

Father T. I hope I am.

Corrig. We may have to call your evidence.

Father T. (c.) I have brought it with me.

Corrig. "Deposed and said, that he, deponent, killed Bily O'Connor; that said Bily was the wife

of Hardress Cregan and stood in the way of his marriage with Miss Anne Chute; deponent offered to put away the girl, and his master employed him to do so."

O'Moore. Sheelah, did Danny confess this crime?

Sheelah. (L. c.) Divil a word—it's a lie from end to end. That ould thief was niver in my eabin—he invented the whole of it—sure you're the divil's own parverter of the truth!

Corrig. Am I? Oh, oh; Father Tom will seareely say as much. (To him.) Did Danny Mann confess this in your presence?

Father T. I decline to answer that question!

Corrig. Aha! you must—the law will compel you!

Father T. I'd like to see the law that can unseal the lips of the priest, and make him reveal the secrets of heaven.

Anne. So much for your two witnesses. Ladies, stand close. Gentlemen, give us room here.

(Bridesmaids down, R.)

[Exit Father Tom, R. 3 E.]

Corrig. We have abundant proof, your worship—enough to hang a whole county. Danny isn't dead yet. Deponent agreed with Cregan that if the deed was to be done, that he, Cregan, should give his glove as a token.

Mrs. C. Ah!

Hard. Hold! I confess that what he has read is true. Danny did make the offer, and I repelled his horrible proposition.

Corrig. Aha! but you gave him the glove?

Hard. Never, by my immortal soul—never!

Mrs. C. (Advancing.) But I—I did! (Movement of surprise.) I, your wretched mother—I gave it to him—I am guilty! thank heaven for that! remove those bonds from his hands, and put them here on mine.

Hard. 'Tis false, mother, you did not know his purpose—you could not know it.

(Corporal takes off handcuffs.)

Mrs. C. I will not say anything that takes the welcome guilt from off me.

Enter MYLES from steps, c. from R.

Myles. Won't ye, ma'am? Well, if ye won't, I will.

All. Myles!

Myles. Save all here. If you plaze, I'd like to say a word; there's been a murder done, and I done it.

All. You!

Myles. Myself. Danny was killed by my hand. (To Corrig.) Wor yez any way nigh that time?

Corrig. (Quickly.) No.

Myles. (Quickly.) That's lucky; then take down what I'm sayin'. I shot the poor boy—but widout manin' to hurt him. It's lucky I killed him that time, for it's lifted a mighty sin off the sowl of the erature.

O'Moore. What does he mean?

Myles. I mane, that if you found one witness to Eily O'Connor's death, I found another that knows a little more bout it, and here she is.

Enter EILY and FATHER TOM, down steps, c. from R.

All. Eily!

Myles. The Colleen Bawn herself!

Eily. Hardress!

Hard. My wife—my own Eily.

Eily. Here, darlin', take the paper, and tear it, if you like. (Offers him the certificate.)

Hard. Eily, I could not live without you.

Mrs. C. If ever he blamed you, it was my foolish pride spoke in his hard words—he loves you with all his heart. Forgive me, Eily.

Eily. Forgive.

Mrs. C. Forgive your mother, Eily.

Eily. (Embracing her.) Mother!

(Mrs. Cregan, Hardress, Eily, Father Tom group together—Anne, Kyrle, and Gentlemen—Ladies together—their backs to Corrigan—Corrigan takes bag, puts in papers, looks about, puts on hat, buttons coat, slinks up stage, runs up-stairs, and off, R.—Myles points off after him—several Gentlemen run after Corrigan.)

Anne. But what's to become of me? is all my emotion to be summoned for nothing? Is my wedding dress to go to waste, and here's all my blushes ready? I must have a husband.

Hyland and Gentlemen. Take me.

O'Moore. Take me.

Anne. Don't all speak at once! Where's Mr. Daly?

Kyrle. (R.) Here, I am, Anne!

Anne. (R. c.) Kyrle, come here! You said you loved me, and I think you do.

Kyrle. Oh!

Anne. Behave yourself now. If you'll ask me, I'll have you.

Kyrle. (Embracing Anne.) Anne!

(Shouts outside, R. U. E.)

All. What's that?

Myles. (Looking off at back.) Don't be uneasy! it's only the boys outside that's caught ould Corrigan thryin' to get off, and they've got him in the horsepond.

Kyrle. They'll drown him.

Myles. Nivir fear, he wasn't born to be drowned—he won't sink—he'll rise out of the world, and divil a fut nearer heaven he'll get than the top o' the gallows.

Eily. (To Hard.) And ye won't be ashamed of me?

Anne. I'll be ashamed of him if he does.

Eily. And when I spake—no—speak—

Anne. Speak is the right sound. Kyrle Daly, pronounce that word.

Kyrle. Spake.

Anne. That's right; if you ever spake it any other way I'll divorce ye—mind that.

Father T. Eily, darlin', in the middle of your joy, sure you would not forget one who never forsook you in your sorrow.

Eily. Oh, Father Tom!

Father T. Oh, it's not myself, I mane.

Anne. No, it's that marander there, that lent me his top-coat in the thunderstorm.

(Pointing to Myles.)

Myles. Bedad, ma'am, your beauty left a linin' in it that has kept me warm ever since.

Eily. Myles, you saved my life—it belongs to you. There's my hand; what will you do with it?

Myles. (Takes her hand and Hardress's.) Take her, wid all my heart. I may say that, for ye can't take her widout. I am like the boy who had a penny to

put in the poor-box—I'd rather keep it for myself. It's a shamrock itself ye have got, sir; and like that flower, she'll come up every year fresh and green forenent ye. When ye cease to love her may dyin' become ye, and when ye do die, lave yer money to the poor, your widdy to me, and we'll both forgive ye.  
(Joins hands.)

Eily. I'm only a poor, simple girl, and it's frightened I am to be surrounded by so many—  
Anne. Friends, Eily, friends.  
Eily. Oh, if I could think so—if I could hope that I had established myself in a little corner of their hearts, there wouldn't be a happier girl alive than  
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